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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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No. 878—Vol. XXXIV.]

NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1872.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS.

\$4 00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.



THE CHIEFS OF THE LIBERAL REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC PARTIES CONCLUDE TO BURY THE HATCHET,  
AND SMOKE THE PIPE OF PEACE



FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,**  
 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
 NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1872.

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One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00  
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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated paper in America.

### FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the only illustrated journal in the country which supports the great popular movement in politics which was initiated at the Cincinnati Convention, and having been now indorsed at Baltimore, will be crowned with success at the polls in November. It is, therefore, especially the campaign organ of the great Liberal Party of the country. We wish to call this fact to the attention of all who sympathize with us in this grand movement for Reform, and especially to our friends of the Press in the South and West. Complaints reach us that in some localities our paper cannot be had of the newsdealers. We only suggest to our friends that they should insist upon the newsdealers supplying them, and if that should fail, then to address this office, and the difficulty will be promptly overcome.

### UNEXPECTED AND GRATIFYING TESTIMONIAL.

WE were as much surprised as honored—how can we more gratefully express ourselves?—on receipt of the subjoined compliment from the Chairman of the late Baltimore Democratic-Republican Convention, from, as will be instantly recognized, many of the Chairmen of the leading State Delegations, from Chairmen of State Committees, from the Chairman of the National Executive Committee, from members of Congress, from the Secretary of the Baltimore Convention, the Governor of Virginia, etc. The names not printed (we know our honored friends will tolerate the excuse) are only omitted because we have little space in which to do our weekly Reform work and to publish the same in these rather narrow limits. Thanks, and gratitude! We shall try to prove more worthy of this honored and unexpected testimonial:

BALTIMORE, July 9th, 1872.

FRANK LESLIE, ESQ., DEAR SIR—We feel it to be a pleasant duty—and it is fit to say without any direct or indirect solicitation to this end on your part—as delegates to the Baltimore Convention, met to assert and indorse the objects of the Cincinnati Convention, to congratulate FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER on its pioneer, persistent and able support of the great cause of Constitutional Reform in which we are engaged. You are doing a noble and effective work all over our country, as well in your pictorial as editorial department. And we desire the more to signify our appreciation of this fact because we are told that you are an original Republican, and in no sense a party politician. The names that follow are those of original Democrats, chairmen of delegations, delegates, etc.

Respectfully, with thanks and best wishes,  
 Your friends and obedient servants,

J. R. DOOLITTLE,	W. H. BECK,
AUGUSTUS SCHELL,	GEO. D. TATE,
JAMES S. THAYER,	R. D. SLATER, JR.,
S. S. COX,	A. T. WHITTELEY,
ROBERT CHRISTIE,	B. C. SHAW,
E. O. FERRIN,	GEO. B. RUGER,
ROBERT OULD, Va.,	GEO. W. McCONNELL,
G. C. WALKER, Va.,	SAM. HAWKOUR,
CHARLES MASON,	HORACE CORBIN,
M. M. RAY,	JOHN D. DEFREES,
BAYLESS W. HANNA,	LEVI SPARKS,
THOMAS DOWLING,	AUGUSTUS BRADLEY,
W. E. NIBLACK,	J. H. REAGAN, Texas,
H. W. HARRINGTON,	GEO. W. SOUTH,
D. D. KENNA,	CHAS. D. MORSE,
ALONZO BLAIR,	J. D. LOGAN,
M. BLAIR,	F. S. STOCKDALE,
JOHN LEE,	C. S. ALVORD,
S. H. TAYLOR,	And Forty-two Others.

### THE DEMOCRATIC-REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE Democratic Party has risen to the dignity of the political situation. It has nobly responded to the behests of duty. In doing so, it has sacrificed some traditions and many prejudices, and, in conjunction with the band of Liberals who met at Cincinnati,

has put itself, at one stride, in the van of Political Progress and National Reform. A new party has suddenly sprung into existence—THE DEMOCRATIC-REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Which now is the Party of Reaction?

We hail this new combination as the auspicious opening of a brighter era in our politics. We hail it as a complete abandonment, by the Democracy, of the untenable issues connected with or growing out of the war. We hail it as inaugurating that period of peace and good-will for which we have hoped and prayed so long. And that it will come we do not doubt. That such a political metamorphosis should surprise many and disgust some, we can easily believe; but as the change is with the consent, enthusiastically expressed, of the vast mass of the Democracy, we are confident that it will be acquiesced in, if not heartily supported, by every member of that party, before the election in November. And here we must protest against half-way support. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." "Do not look one way, and row another." "All protests now are idle." "To be or not to be, that's the question." As has been well remarked, "all roads that do not lead to Greeley lead to Grant."

It was a great and patriotic thing to do, that which was achieved by the Liberal Republicans at Cincinnati. They had to sever many political ties and associations, to go out of the camp, where Patronage and Power were enthroned, "burning their ships and breaking down the bridges behind them." They framed a "platform" broad enough, long enough and strong enough for every honest American citizen to stand on. They believed it would be acceptable to the people, and that the Democracy would do, what it has done, make it their own. It can no longer be called the Cincinnati Platform; it is that of the new party, which we have designated the Democratic-Republican. Its acceptance at Baltimore was in accord with the sentiment on which it was framed.

### THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

A FEW notes, even at this late day, about the Baltimore Convention, may be readable. It was something akin to what a patriotic soul may imagine was pictured when our grand old fathers launched our experiment of self-government, to witness (we cannot say less) a sublime assemblage like that convened at Baltimore, where all the States and Territories were represented authoritatively, and where thousands from the different States came, merely as enthusiastic spectators. The soul of the Convention was the soul of peace, of law, of patriotism and of brotherly love. Absolutely those the least tolerant of objections to Horace Greeley, either to his anti-Slavery, Whig, or furiously pugnaucious anti-Democratic record, were the most radical ex-rebels and Democrats! They said: "This is no personal matter. Country towers above selfishness. But, even on that score, we would rather trust a fervid, outspoken, patriotic opponent like Greeley—trust his word, his nobility of soul—than we would any cream-faced, tongue-tied, time-serving politician. Greeley struck us as hard as we struck him. But he was among the foremost of the men who came to lift up the fallen." Such was the entire tone of the South at Baltimore, from Texas to Virginia. More: These people were so utterly self-sacrificing, that all their conduct in the Convention was regulated by the desire to be recognized as ultra American, on the platform of the Amended Constitution; as much so as is the most advanced Radical Republican. These gentlemen came to Baltimore to test no party, but this momentous question, viz.: Are we any longer a Union of States? Will the North permit us to accept her own terms? Will she abide by that Reconstruction, which we accept? Will she stand by her pledges, in this regard, as we stand by ours? Will she adopt statesmanship and civil law? Or will she insist further on our plunder, our disgrace, on martial rule and drumhead courts? Are we her equals or her slaves?

Again: It was perfectly evident at Baltimore that the old Bourbons are "played out." They have made their last bow, acted their last rôle. The advanced ideas of the nation are consolidated; and, if there be any difference in such respect, the South are the more advanced of the sections, because they have awakened to a powerful reaction, the offspring of their sober second thought. Indeed, they seem grateful to know that slavery is gone, and that the pedantry of constitutional casuists is hushed for ever on fundamental questions. They want peace, protection, emigration, money, work, fraternity and confidence.

The Western and Northern Democrats were entirely fused into the spirit of the Cincinnati Platform, which they speak of as a second Declaration of Independence. Leading men of these States said in our hearing, no nobler documents have been transmitted, in behalf of freedom to the generations, than are that Plat-

form and Greeley's Letter of Acceptance. Greeley's Letter has for ever put at rest all doubts about his capacity as statesman. It was spoken of as fit to rank with the noblest state papers of its order in the world.

One eminent American remarked: "Who, after this outpouring, can doubt the patriotism of Americans? What, less God-like than was the spirit which carried these sections through our war, could inspire a reunion like this, where the representatives of millions of political men meet on a common platform, and all agree to follow the standard-bearer of the minority? How these Americans love their country and its Constitution! How willingly do they sacrifice life, pride, passion, party, wealth, on its altar!"

Things were said about Mr. Greeley's "associations." Will he be manipulated by weak men? Will he be deluded into the building up of corrupt men? Such slang charges as are here implied were seriously discussed, and the conclusion reached was, that, as President, Mr. Greeley would elevate his conduct to that high plane on which Washington and Jefferson moved, far above all personal likes or dislikes, and that the personnel of his cabinet would be a guarantee for purity and caution, as well as for wisdom: that he will shake off all vagabonds and hangers-on, if such attempt to deceive him.

The most cautious of the delegates were sanguine of the success of our cause. All recognized the fact that the bold and bad men who have taken possession of Grant's confidence and affections will resort to corruption and force to overthrow us. North Carolina explained how the Grant Ring are now scattering money like water in that State, to secure the August election. And they apprehend that force may be resorted to under color of law. These things they have neither the money nor the physical power to resist; but North Carolina is very hopeful. Indiana represented that the Grant Ring, even thus early, are colonizing negroes from Kentucky into the southern part of that State—a game which our friends will at once endeavor to counteract by the closest organization which can be made, to disclose the legal voters of that section. Illinois and Ohio hooted at the apprehension that they are "doubtful." In fine, the tone of the Convention was that of an unquestioned conviction, not of triumph merely, but of an entire rout of the adversary.

The body of the Baltimore Convention was made up of distinguished men—earnest men; and no words, which would not seem extravagant, can convey the slightest idea of the sublime spirit which marked their conduct.

It was indeed a privilege that we were permitted to witness at Baltimore such grand evidence of the fact that self-government, so far from being a failure, is assured to mankind by the American example.

We entertain no doubt whatever of the glorious success of the Liberal Democratic Reform Party. We believe our majority will astonish the most sanguine among our friends.

### THE FIRST GUN FOR GREELEY.

AS a piece of pardonable self-glorification, we reprint an article which was published as the leading editorial in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of the date of December 16th, 1871, and which gives us the right to claim to have been the first newspaper in the country which seriously nominated Horace Greeley for the Presidency, and cordially advocated his election;

#### THE THIRD ESTATE.

The indications thicken that Horace Greeley will be the next President of the United States. No man living has done more solid good for the country than the editor of the *Tribune*. It would be strange indeed if, in the course of a long life, and called upon to decide suddenly on public affairs, he had not made mistakes. He certainly did so in "backing down," as he did, from the cry, "On to Richmond!" He "dunked" then and there, to a certain extent. But if he had been in command at Pittsburg Landing, he would not have been miles away from his theatre of duty, while an enterprising enemy was in front, and have his army surprised, as his probable military competitor's was, to be saved only by the arrival of a laggard general's forces. Had he been a military man in command of 300,000 men, in opposition to a general who had but 100,000, he, too, could have "ciphered out" the grand result, that he could lose two men to his enemy's one, and have 100,000 left! It took a very small brain to do that at last—but it is not the brain to direct the nation.

The election of Mr. Greeley would be a certain triumph to what has been called the "Third Estate," and raise it to the rank of the First. Were not nearly all the officers of the Government, and most "places of profit and preferment," already filled with soldiers and "shoddies," we should claim for the Press the first position in the nation. In fact, it is so, as far as the voice of the People (to be largely distinguished from that of the Executive) is concerned. The editor of some paper "out West" is Vice-President of the United States. His name is Colfax. The editors of other "provincial papers" (we like to take down their conceit by such slighting phrases) are respectively President *pro tem*, of the Senate and Speaker of the House of Representatives. So, in the case of the demise of General Grant, the line of descent to the Third Degree would be among US Journalists! Now, we propose to put Mr. Greeley in, and "run the machine" ourselves.

It would be a wonder if, out of our Bohemian raffish, we could not select quite as efficient (and cer-

tainly not less honest) a body of officeholders as General Grant has done from his "brevet brigadiers," and camp-fire associates, or shoddy contractors.

### SOLDIERS IN PEACE, CITIZENS IN WAR.

WHOEVER has read the reporters' accounts of what has been most inaptly called the encampment of the Seventh Regiment near Saratoga, has quite probably come to the conclusion that, as an encampment of soldiers, this was the greatest failure, as, indeed, in all the conspicuous features of a farce and trifling boyish spree, it was the most perfect success ever known to the militia of this or any other State.

This regiment, we learn, has the names of one thousand men on its rolls; when it last paraded, before starting for Saratoga, there were seven hundred muskets out; yet it starts for camp with less than four hundred.

Rather a poor showing that, for the crack regiment of New York.

Perhaps there were good and sufficient reasons therefor.

Mindful as we are of the gallant services of the militia during the past ten years, and of that lack of military enthusiasm which naturally follows from a comparison of real with holiday soldiers, at least let us hope so.

But what excuse can be offered for this aggregation of men, with uniforms on their backs and muskets in their hands, whose highest ambition seems to have been to carry off the wooden Indian sign of a village to-baconist, or to drag through their stamping-ground a stove pipe—wittily and humorously called the "Big Six"—or to indulge in such other schoolboyish antics and capers, as give the community the perfect right to put them down for a set of snobs and clowns?

There are those who remember that it was fashionable not many years since to sneer at the militia for their plumes and parades.

The churchman was wont to turn up his moral nose, and the merchant refused employment to the clerk who was a militiaman, assuming that a parade was only another name for a spree.

In their great gratitude, the people of the North and South had, in some degree, forgotten these things, and, although the sight of a soldier in peace is not excessively gratifying to one who has seen or felt war, these trainers have, of late, found no little favor and support in all parts of the country.

But a few such exhibitions as this of Saratoga will soon upset it.

Your citizen is not apt to have much respect for that would-be soldier, even, who whines about a drill in the sun, and rejoices in an alarm of fire.

There may have been heaps of genuine wit and humor in their mock dress parades, in their running the guards and general jollity; but to an impartial outsider the whole affair seems to have been only a protracted carousal—a sham and a mockery.

The object of an encampment may be reasonably supposed to have been drill and discipline, such as would in some degree tend to fit these peace soldiers for war or such public exigencies as call for the assistance of arms. Yet, according to all accounts, there was little drill here, and less discipline.

It is only about a year since that we had occasion to call on the militia for their aid in the suppression of a riot.

It was suppressed; but not after a manner calculated to excite universal admiration for the discipline and coolness of these uniformed citizens.

It is past all doubt that the firing on the memorable 12th of July, 1871, was loose, and entirely according to the fears of the rank and file, and was at no time under the control of the officers.

Indeed, considering that one of the regiments did not fire a shot, it has been, and still is, an open question if any firing was necessary.

Beyond all peradventure, there was no call for the slaughter which resulted from the want of discipline among these terror-stricken troops.

And true it is that even more than a mob of civilians should a mob of mock soldiers be feared.

Wherefore we say, let us have no more of these prolonged jollifications, to put it as mildly as possible.

If men can't go into camp and conduct themselves with the dignity and decorum of soldiers, let them stay at home.

To assume to be a soldier, even in peace, under a liability to be called upon to deal with the lives of your fellows, is something of a responsibility.

And the public has a right to demand of such a man some guarantee, in soldierly behavior, of his fitness for the position; but these young men seem not to have realized this.

Their principal aim and effort was, according to all accounts, to burlesque the profession of arms, and in that respect, and in the practical



joke line, they certainly showed great proficiency.

Brave, noble soldiers! But you shall mend your ways, and show some few indications of manhood, or the rustics will weave crowns of cabbage-leaves for you, and the newsboys will pelt you with decayed fruit.

### A REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN BERLIN.

**B**ISMARCK and Imperialism do not appear to have things all their own way in the new German Empire. In the very heart of the young Empire, at Berlin, there have just been some angry throbblings of republican sentiment. On the 18th of March there was a meeting of the Democratic Socialists, which talked and acted in a very independent manner. The large hall was draped with an immense red flag, and an inscription announced that this meeting was held in honor of the double anniversaries of Red Republicanism at Berlin and Paris—that of the former falling in the year 1848; that of the latter, the Commune anniversary, 18th of March, 1871.

In the President's opening address these two revolutions were united in language of high eulogium:

"The 18th of March, 1848, was the day of Dupes, for the workmen pulled the hot chestnuts out of the fire, and the merchants and capitalists enjoyed the liberties conquered by the people. On this account we should respect the more the 18th of March, 1871, the anniversary of the Commune.

"That day the people of Paris fought for equality. Although, unhappily, the Commune perished, it was only because it chose badly its time, and its leaders were divided among themselves."

These bold words were greeted by wild and prolonged applause.

The speaker went on to eulogize, and apologize for, the acts of the Commune, and declared that they had been misrepresented—the middle class, after their usual fashion, "having saddled on the backs of the people the infamous acts they themselves devised or committed. Other speakers indulged in the same strain of remarks, one of them comparing the burning of public buildings in Paris by the Commune to the burning of Moscow by the Russians during the Napoleonic invasion, and eulogizing it as an equally patriotic act.

What is curious in the proceeding is the impunity attending this celebration, and the freedom allowed the speakers. It either indicates the security of conscious strength on the part of Bismarck, or respect for the sentiment of an influential class of the people, and the workmen. The republican sentiment has taken deep root in Germany, and has only been overridden thus far by the stronger feeling of German nationality, and the necessity of welding it together to resist and overcome a hated enemy in the French invaders. Now that the bond of union is broken, and the tie of a common peril has ceased to bind the discordant elements together, such demonstrations as this are very significant of the perils which await the new Empire, and its real head, Bismarck. He is too sagacious a man not to see and know this, and to recognize that his task only begins with the conclusion of the war, and that to control his own people will be harder than to conquer the French.

We cut the following from an evening Grant paper:

"The attempt of a New York publisher to extort enthusiasm over the nomination by means of a hundred Chinese bombs at Long Branch last evening, should be appreciated by Mr. Greeley. Several horses were frightened at the noise, the dancers in the parlors of the Ocean Hotel were indignant, and the police put a stop to the entertainment. There was no extra high water noticeable on the eventful occasion.

Indeed! But the attempt of a New York editor and publisher to extort enthusiasm for Grant over a great many glasses of spirits at John Chamberlin's Club House, of a Saturday night not long since, was appreciated by those who were present, and would have been appreciated by Grant, as it was a free "blow-out," and there was a plenty of liquors. There was no water of any kind noticeable on this occasion, but the editor and publisher aforesaid probably went for soda-water the next morning. Go carefully, neighbor! A man may be willing to get drunk and make an ass of himself, but he hardly wishes to get into print in that capacity.

Two NOTICEABLE defections from the Grant party have taken place within the last few days. The individuals, as will be seen, are of no mean consequence, both being members of the Republican State Committee, and one of them an Internal Revenue Collector. We publish their letters in the hope that others may "go and do likewise."

"GLEN'S FALLS, NEW YORK, July 1st, 1872.  
"To His Excellency U. S. GRANT, President of the United States:

"Sir—Having concluded to give my support to Messrs. Horace Greeley and B. Gratz Brown (the nominees of the Cincinnati Convention for President and Vice-President) at the coming election, I hereby resign the office of Collector of this district, said

resignation to take effect when my successor shall be appointed and duly commissioned.

"Very respectfully your obedient servant,  
"WILLIAM W. ROCKWELL,  
"United States Revenue Collector, Sixteenth District of New York."

"GLEN'S FALLS, NEW YORK, July 1st, 1872.  
"To the Hon. A. B. CORNELL, Chairman Republican State Committee, New York:

"Sir—I hereby resign my position as member of State Committee. Yours, very respectfully,  
"WILLIAM W. ROCKWELL."

"ELMIRA, N. Y., July 4th, 1872.  
"Hon. A. B. CORNELL, Chairman State Republican Committee:

"DEAR SIR—Four years ago the Republicans of this district and of the country cast their votes for President for a man who up to that time had never acted with the Republican Party, and who declared that 'if he was anything at all, he was a Democrat.' They felt that success with him was better than defeat with some one else. Four years have passed, and they have wrought a change in the minds of the Republicans, and of the people of this country. An opportunity is now offered to the Republicans to vote for 'the Father of the Republican Party' and for the life-long advocate of its principles, and to the people to elevate to the highest office in their gift a man who has always been honest, faithful, and true, in every position in which he has yet been placed. The people believe he has sufficient 'intelligence' for the office of President, and that his intelligence is more valuable than the experience of the present dispenser of Presidential patronage. His long years of unwavering devotion to the best interests of the country, and his untiring labors in the cause of popular rights, have given Horace Greeley a strong hold upon the sympathies, the affections, and the hearts of the people. They know him to be able and honest, and they believe him to be the man for President at this time, as Lincoln was twelve years ago. They believe the same Providence which selected Lincoln as the Presidential candidate then, and put it into the hearts of the people to elect him, still cares for the interests of our country and the welfare and happiness of our people. Believing thus, a large proportion of the Republicans, and a great majority of the electors of this district, have resolved to vote for Mr. Greeley at the approaching Presidential election. Not wishing to occupy a position antagonistic to that of a majority of my Republican friends in the district, and being earnestly in favor of the election of Horace Greeley for President, I have to request that you will accept my resignation as a member of the Republican State and Executive Committee. Respectfully, yours,  
"S. C. TABER."

### TRUE VERSION.

BY  
HENRY T. STANTON.

A LITTLE vine about an oak  
Its blossoms thread has run,  
To find, beyond the shadow-cloak,  
A fruitage in the sun.

A scappling from the prison ground—  
Through heat and shower-free—  
Now tenderly it twines around  
The roughness of the tree;

And soon upon the upper air  
Its pliant jesses swing,  
Till, in the shine, it comes to bear,  
The children of the Spring.

Proud mother to the multi-bloom,  
The canopy and cloak—  
That floods with such a rare perfume  
The precincts of the oak.

On steely wings the yellow bees  
Fly in and out the place;  
The oriole there shakes the lees  
Of blossoms to her face.

Now mellow Autumn days are here,  
The ripening days and brown;  
The leaves upon the trees are sere,  
The limbs are leaning down—

In clusters hang the winy globes  
Above the nether way,  
The vine is in its purple robes,  
The tree is in its gray.

Then Winters pass, and Spring on Spring,  
With blossoms blown and shed,  
The vine has grown a massy thing—  
The sturdy oak is dead—

And silent, on the greening earth,  
A weighted monarch lies,  
The proudest of her forest birth,  
The noblest one that dies.

No longer in the golden shine  
Her glowing life shall be,  
Until the widowed arms shall twine  
Another faded tree.

And this, in season, too, shall die,  
And all that she encloaks;  
And still shall come the widow's cry,  
"Bring on your sturdy oaks!"

### LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

No. XVI.

#### WHAT WILL THE NEGROES DO?

**I**F we argue from the lessons of history about the negro, we can go to no more salient point than the tragedy of Santo Domingo. Here the best authorities agree in the fact that after the French Convention had confirmed the emancipation of the colony, the freedmen were happy and industrious, peaceably working on their own plantations and those of their old masters. Also, we learn that nine-tenths of the atrocities committed by the blacks were incited by the whites and mulattoes. All went on well with Toussaint, till the carpetbaggers disturbed the order of things, under such Italian devils as Le Clerc, whose mission was, in fact, to restore slavery. Peace and comfort—so far as mere social order goes—accompanied, also, the great emancipation experiment of the British West Indies. Let alone (under the circumstances of their emancipation), the American blacks naturally cottoned likewise to those who have been their early white patrons and associates; though it is, of course, conceded that there were bad slave-owners, not likely to be forgiven by the present generation of negroes.

Carpetbaggers have only fed the blacks on promises. Their aid in money and employment has mainly come, and still so comes, from what remains of the material means of the old slave-owners. These friendly relations of Labor to Capital, and of Ignorance to Culture, are natural between these blacks and whites. The time has for ever passed when the public sentiment of the South will tolerate our going back on the constitutional rights of the negro, established by the war. If the Southern sense of justice and of dependence for labor on that race were not (as now it is) sufficient guarantee for the negro, it would be impossible to trifle with the North in this matter. And the South—the worst men of the South (and there are good and bad there, as here)—know this pregnant fact perfectly well. The flag of this Republic will protect all its citizens. And no declaration to such effect can be made more emphatic than is that plank of the Cincinnati Platform which asserts the guarantee for the negro under the present status.

All talk, therefore, about negro insecurity is a bugaboo—a corn-field scarecrow—a carpetbag lie! And unless the sense of the North is now prepared to put down this lie, we have nothing before us in the indefinite future but disorder, confusion, carpetbagging and military government in the South. This prophecy is plainly true. It is, therefore, time that the nation leave these natural relations in the South between the races to work themselves out by the high law of a God who is wiser than Grant's King.

And the negro begins to see this condition—and the argument for amnesty and conservatism—as plainly as I do. He cannot be deluded much longer into the belief that his emancipation was due to the bayonets and not to the ideas of the late war. It was the idea of the war which exposed such men—for so many bitter years—as Greeley, and Sumner, and Cassius Clay, and Gratz Brown, and Julian of Indiana, to abuse, violence, and threats of all sorts from excited Southerners. These eminent advocates for the restriction of slavery are now in the van of the Greeley army. Had they not quite as much to do with emancipation as had the bayonets which their eloquence of tongue and pen invoked to sustain the doctrine that slavery was local and not national, and that the Union should be preserved under the auspices of such statesmanship? It is ridiculous to assume, even to the negro, that Grant was an earlier, abler, or more constant friend of his race than were Lincoln, Seward, Greeley, and Sumner! When this band of statesmen were working out the slavery problem, all that is known of General Grant's record in that matter is pro-slavery. With the Edict of Emancipation what had Grant to do? On the other hand, Greeley and Sumner, and their co-laborers, had everything to do, not only with that edict, but also with all the post war legislation which became necessary to secure those fruits of emancipation, which the Southern negro enjoys this day.

This light of history cannot long be obscured from the mind of the black. He will presently see—like the rest of us—that Sectionalism is quite as hostile to his interests in peace, as it was essential to his success in war. He will perceive presently that carpetbag government not only disorders the South, by stirring up such elements as the much exaggerated Ku-Klux, but that it also palsies the arm and the heart of the Southern land-owner, while it terrifies money and emigration away from the land that he loves, where he and his must live and look for support. And need it be urged that almost the only hope for the prestige of the stricken South lies in emigration—in the influx of a Good Population, who shall bring Peace, and Love, and Money, Trades, Education and Manufactures, Railroads and Agriculture, in the place of these blasting carpetbaggers, who feed on sectional agitation, beneath which all their interests wither and die as before the breath of a pestilence?

Let us not mistake ourselves in this matter. All the negro needs to turn him utterly away from the Northern enemy, who now uses him only as a political tool, is to see and feel that all just cause for apprehension is removed from him. This once gained—as it must be, if facts and arguments are properly and perseveringly brought to his mind—and Grantism will disappear suddenly and rapidly from the heart of the black. He will cling to the legitimate Fathers rather than to the Cuckoos of the Republican Party. He will prefer to repose in peace, and in a sense of mutual interest, with his white neighbor, rather than to lie on a bed of thorns perpetually, created for him by a set of desperate Northern political gamblers and Southern carpetbaggers. When the truth gets hold of the Southern Blacks, it will sweep them like a tempest. And the time for this good result is not very long removed from the present writing! The old cry of "Rebel" will soon cease to alarm his mind, when he rests securely on the conviction that the former rebel and himself are now in the same boat, protected by the same law, equal before the same law, governed by the same interests, devoted to the same material labor, and absolutely essential to each other.

There is not the slightest evidence that the negro is aggressive—that he is pushing himself offensively and irritably beyond his rank and culture. In the exceptional cases where this has been otherwise, the negro has been egged on by carpetbaggers and their allies. When once the storm of carpetbag confusion subsides, our colored neighbors will willingly take the exact rank for which they are politically fitted. Neither their instincts nor their tastes prompt them to go beyond it. Like all our laboring population, they will have enough substantial work, which, to them, will be more needful, profitable and happy than the losing, lazy trade of small politics. And their generous and sensible ambition will be to elevate themselves among each other in social and educational matters, and before a civilized world, as men and women fit to be American citizens. These conclusions are fully justified by the good conduct of the Blacks—their pluck and moderation—during the war, and by the steady progress which they have modestly and sensibly made (wonderful, when we consider how they have been set upon, and pulled hither and yon, by scurvy politicians) ever since the war. Besides, he who knows the American negro character, knows that it is quite as much in his nature to cling to his white surroundings, to all that he can get of the blessings of civilization, as it is in the nature of the Indian to shun and avoid and flee away from such influences.

As the thing stands (almost up to this moment), the negro has heard but the one siren song which has deluded him often to the brink of starvation. He has been piled perpetually with the appeal to protect himself against his hostile white neighbor. No voice, until that of Cincinnati—no voice that he could trust, till the voice of Greeley and Sumner, and Clay and Brown, reached him—has been heard to encourage him in the faith that all is peace between himself and his white neighbor, and that he may surely know that the faith and the strong arm of America are pledged, South as well as North, to make such peace as sure and solid as will be the Union itself, when its

bonds shall no longer be weakened by the harpies of sectional faction. Let this voice of peace and assurance to the Southern Blacks be strengthened and constant! To this solemn and necessary work we expect to see men like Sumner and Cassius Clay and Julian address themselves, with all the vigor which inspired their old efforts in behalf of the slave, whose fetters they helped to break. And why may we not expect this at their hands? For what did these patriots so labor, and so long, amid so much persecution, if it were not to secure to the negro that recognition and tranquillity which can never be the offspring of isolation, or force, or of bad neighborhood, but which, on the contrary, must be assured by the establishment of those natural, peaceful, affectionate relations which are the foundation of all sound government and well-ordered society? And who is Ulysses Grant—on what meat has he fed—that he, adopted but yesterday into the Republican family, shall tower above all of its old fathers as the only living guarantee for the future of the freedman—as his only oracle, his only refuge? What next, I should like to know, will not be assumed for King Grant? We may hear it presently asserted, with assurance, that our ten-line Presidential orator is the author of the Declaration of Independence, and that he accomplished that feat in the incipient stages of Darwinism!

Horace Greeley bravely took the lead in this mission—and it is a mission—almost on the instant after his Southern trip had assured him of the true condition of things in the South, as relates to the Blacks and the Whites. And the prominent leading early Emancipationists have responded favorably to the conclusions of Horace Greeley. Then let the African Home Mission go on. Let its spirit turn away from hate and rancor—let it be its holy aim to heal the wounds which were opened in a great struggle for freedom; and to teach the emancipated throughout the South the sublime lesson that the object of worthy war is to insure lasting and beneficent peace.

There is hardly a reasonable doubt but that the South will be a unit of support in the Cincinnati Platform in the November elections. Everywhere throughout her borders the spirit of compromise and conciliation is on wing; and no one, if we except such positive madmen as Mr. Toombs of Georgia (who declared in a late ecstatic speech his allegiance to the Devil in preference either to Grant or Greeley), utters a murmur against the Amended Constitution, as interpreted by the Liberal Convention and Mr. Greeley's famous Letter. Greeley will undoubtedly get a large share of the Black vote. And when his four years of Executive rule expire, those who live to see that day will behold realized the noblest aspirations of humanity which have been poured out for both races. The desolate South will be rebuilt. The Black labor will be cheerful, prosperous and contented. All will go on merrily under the Southern sun. Once more her rich fields will blossom from the labor (now) of whites and blacks. No negro will be murdered by Ku-Klux! No white man's daughter will be forced to intermarry into sooty arms! No Pompey or Sambo will force himself into anybody's parlor, or rush by violence and take his seat in Mr. Toombs's dining-room while his family are eating their prandial greens and bacon! JUNIUS.

### NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROS.: "Sylvester Sound the Sonambulist" and "The Love Match," by Henry Cockton; "The Countess of Charney" and "Six Years Later," by Alexander Dumas; and "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," by Charles Lever.

From HARPER & BROS.: "Poor Miss Finch," by Wilkie Collins; "A Bridge of Glass," "Griff, a Story of Australian Life," and "Albert Lunel."

From WYNKOOP & HALLENBECK: "The Dangerous Classes of New York and Twenty Years' Work Among Them," by C. L. Brace.

From VIRTUE & YORSTON: Late numbers of *The Art Journal*.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. JOE JEFFERSON'S eyesight is saved.

MADAME LEUTNER touches high G easily.

FRANZ ABT and Janauschek have sailed for Europe.

TAMMERLIK's daughter bids fair to recover her sight.

THE properties of "King Carrot" have arrived from Paris.

THE Alleghanian Bell Ringers are now on the way home to America.

PALMER'S "Black Crook" company opened in Toledo, O., on July 8th.

THE Vokes family reappeared at the Union Square Theatre, July 15th.

OFFENBACH is said to be writing new music for Mr. Daly, for "King Carrot."

JOHANN STRAUSS and Offenbach, once intimate friends, are now bitter enemies.

SAN FRANCISCO has Aimée, Lawrence Barrett and Maggie Mitchell, all together.

"POMP, OR WAY DOWN SOUTH" was put on the stage, at Wood's Museum, last week.

WACHTEL and Madame Mallinger will give opera in New York the coming season.

THE indigent Prince Poniatowski is the author of no less than eleven successful operas.

BEN. DE BAR, the veteran manager of St. Louis, will star, during the coming season, as *Faust*.

THE Lydia Thompson Troupe will open in "Robin Hood," in a new version written for them.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH will begin a thirteen weeks' starring tour in New England, on the 15th of September.

LAWRENCE BARRETT was received with great enthusiasm on his reappearance at the California Theatre, in *Hamlet*.

MISS EMMA HOWSON has made quite a hit as "La Grande Duchesse," in the English version, at the Union Square Theatre.

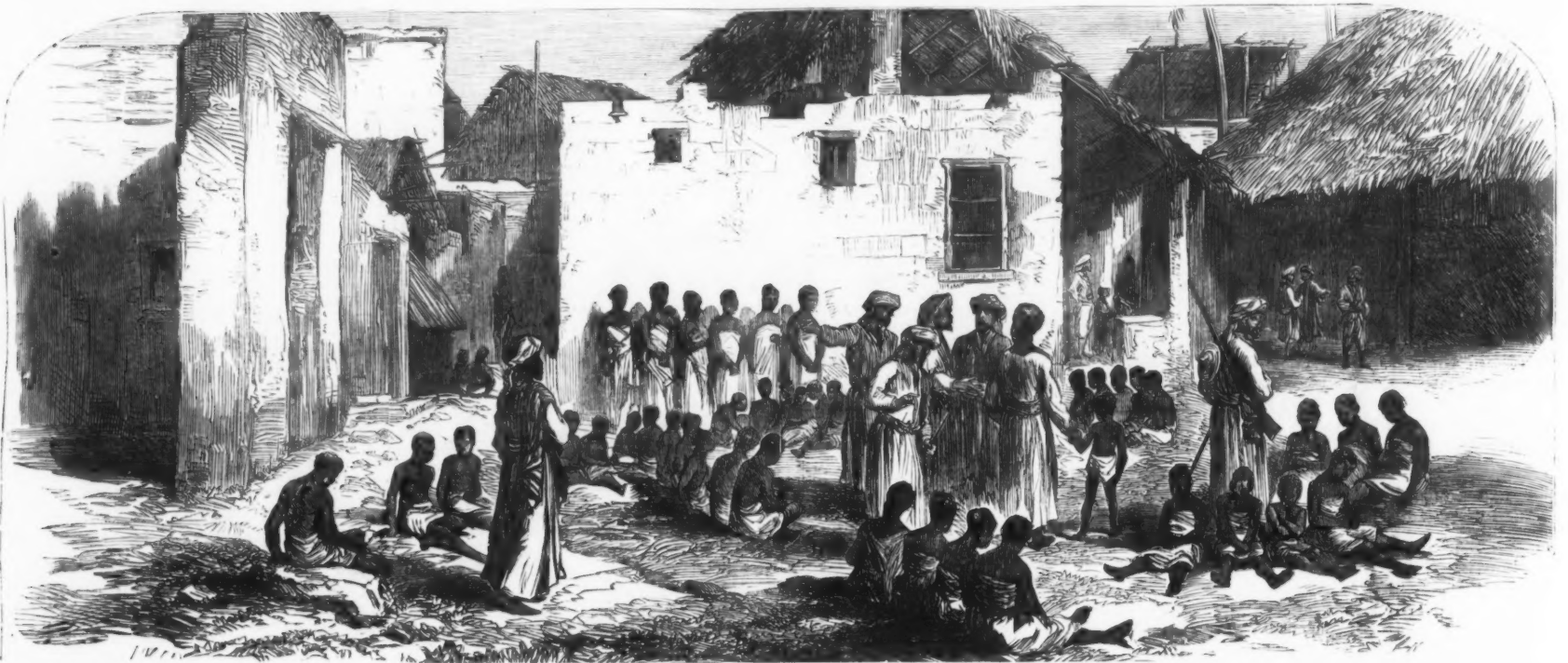
THE "Palace of Truth," with Miss Susan Denin, is to be produced in all the principal theatres in the country, and while at Chicago, with grand ballet.

THE "Manhattan Waltz," dedicated to New York City, and composed by Johann Strauss, was performed at his last concert, Friday, July 12th, at the Academy of Music.

THE French Garde Républicaine gave a grand matinee concert, July 11th, at Central Park Garden, in aid of the fund for the liberation of the French Territory.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 311.



AFRICA.—THE SLAVE MARKET AT ZANZIBAR.



ENGLAND.—SHELLING PEAS AT COVENT GARDEN MARKET, LONDON.



FRANCE.—CROWNING THE BOBIERE AT NANTERRE, NEAR PARIS.



ENGLAND.—THE PRINCESS LOUISE GIVING PRIZES TO CHILDREN FOR THE BEST ESSAYS ON THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.



SCOTLAND.—THE "STIRRUP CUP" IN THE HIGHLANDS.





THE LAST SHOT;  
OR,  
HOW THE NEWS FROM BALTIMORE WAS RECEIVED AT THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



## OH, THINK OF ME.

WHEN on their golden cars the stars are keeping  
Watch o'er the slumbering sea,  
And in deep forest-bowers night dews are weeping,  
Oh, think of me.

When over May-flowers sunbeams glint and glitter,  
Chasing the bird and bee,  
And 'mid the apple-blossoms young nestlings twitter,  
Oh, think of me.

When in thine ear love's dulcet tones are sounding,  
Bidding all sorrow flee;  
When with triumphant hopes thy heart is bounding,  
Oh, think of me.

Where'er thou art, in sunshine or in shower,  
In misery or glee;  
Whate'er thy destiny, whate'er thy dower,  
Oh, think of me.

## IN A FLAME.

## CHAPTER I.

"DR. DRAKE, the man who, in 1859, sunk the first oil-well that was ever sunken in this country, died recently in the poorhouse."

I have seen this paragraph in the papers, and I want to contradict it. Contradict it, that is, to a certain extent, for there is no question but what Dr. Drake did sink the first well, at Titusville, and that, through him, many colossal fortunes have been amassed, and many unwily speculators brought to financial grief. But what I do want to say is, that to me belongs the credit of having discovered this immense mine of wealth; this thick, Golconda stream that has flooded in and out of the marts of commerce, bearing some merrily upon its bosom and utterly overwhelming others in its impetuous course.

The facts in the case are these:

My name is Claude Malmalson. My father was a well-to-do farmer in the South of France. My mother, a kind, tender, blue-eyed woman, who humored all my boyish pranks, and, with her big, mother's love, soothed all the fancied troubles of my childhood. I have an indistinct recollection of the quaint old village, and of the grapes beyond its limits, where we children used to pelt each other with the luscious fruit, and squeeze it in our little hands, and play hide-and-seek among the vines. The old pastor, too, I remember well, with his odd black dress and the sweet benevolence of his dear old face. Then there comes the recollection of a blank in the household, of a dreadful stillness, and people walking silently through the chambers and speaking in hushed voices. There was a funeral then. My mother was dead, and they bore her out from the house in solemn procession, while I, a mere child, flung myself upon her vacant chair and poured out my very heart in tears of agony. Ten years rolled by, and then my father went to join the wife to whom, in life, he had been ever faithful, and who, in death, must have hovered near his bedside, so tranquil was his end. Then came my trouble. The estate had been heavily mortgaged; clamorous creditors foreclosed, and I was left penniless and at the mercy of relatives. I endured the tyranny of a cruel uncle until my young heart could no longer brook the hardships he put upon me, and then I ran away. Books had told me of the great country in the West—of America—and to this land of marvelous stories I determined to wend my footsteps. Firmly securing my little savings about my person, I stole out from the house one dark night, and made my way to Havre, avoiding the high road, and skulking stealthily along until I reached the town. It was a long and tedious journey, but I bore up bravely, and at last, on one bright summer morning, I walked along the piers and saw the masts of the vessels standing out against the sky in their delicate tracery. My little store was too meagre to permit of my purchasing a passage to the object of my destination, and so, without more ado, I shipped as a cabin-boy on one of the small trading-vessels. Ah! many a time I wished myself at home again in the quiet little French village before that voyage was completed! It was a hard and cruel master that I had engaged to serve, and the indignities he put upon me send the blood coursing quickly through my veins even at this late day. All things must have an end, however, and so my misery came to a termination. One night we arrived at New York, and next morning I escaped from the ship, and roamed a homeless, friendless, but still light-hearted boy through the streets of the great city. Here, thought I, will I carve my way to fortune; here win fame and honor. But fame, however, and fortune come not so nimbly at the beck of every penniless adventurer, and long years passed—long years of hard drudgery, of endless toil—before I reached the goal that placed me beyond want. Don't fancy that I am going to bore you with a long account of my adventures from youth to manhood. They bear but little on the main incident of this true narrative, and, although of interest to the participator in them, will present but little worthy the attention of the public, for whom I am writing this vindication of myself.

The year 1857 found me a scientific farmer, near the pleasant village of —, in the western part of Pennsylvania. I had been thrifty and industrious, and amassed sufficient means to purchase a good-sized farm, and was devoting myself to what so few Americans will devote themselves—the science of agriculture. There was much sterile, rocky land upon my possessions, which I had endeavored to sell, but the most tempting offers would not induce the wary Pennsylvanians to purchase. Disconsolately I gazed upon the barren fields, and racked my brains to think of some means by which a scientific farmer could turn to advantage such unprofitable real estate.

The chance presented itself sooner than I

imagined. One splendid evening—I remember it well—it was the 25th day of July, 1857—I was sitting upon one of these rocks in my bad bargain. It was just before dusk, and the setting sun had left the last halo of his glory stamped upon the landscape. At my feet lay — Creek, its waters a mass of golden light; along its shore ran the country road, and now and then the lowing of cattle was carried on the air, and again the merry voices of children broke in upon my meditation. The pale moon shone faintly in the sky, and the distant mountain-tops stood out—a warm, grayish purple, bringing up the background of a sweet pastoral landscape. Sitting there, my mind went back to dear, beautiful France; and in fancy I lived again the boyish, happy life, with all its sunshine and shadow, its joys and its miseries. As I was meditating thus, a curious sound arrested my attention—a low, gurgling sound at my feet. Gazing down, I saw a small fissure in the rock, from which oozed a dark brown liquid. Surprised at the strange phenomenon, I stooped and gathered some of it in my hand. It was thick, sticky, and impregnated with an odor of bitumen. Ever in search of discovery, I took a small vial, which I chanced to have in my pocket, and filled it with the liquid.

Reaching home, I proceeded at once to the laboratory I had constructed, and, locking myself in to prevent all interruption, commenced the analysis of this strange product of the soil. As I proceeded, my interest became absorbing. Hour followed hour, and still I sat there engrossed in my task. What had I found? Was this a dream—a wild phantasy that had come upon me? No. I had applied every test in the range of chemistry.

At midnight I rose up from my chair, ashy pale, my eyes starting from their sockets, my hand trembling like a leaf.

I had discovered oil!—bright, pure oil, that, if the supply would hold out, would make me a millionaire! I, the poor boy, whom a cruel uncle had driven from home; I, who had striven, and toiled, and delved for a modest competence, held within my grasp a colossal fortune!

No sleep for me that night. The next morning, before the sun was fairly up, I was at the rock again. Yes, it was there still—the small sluggish stream, oozing from the bed that had so long imprisoned it. I went down on my knees, laughed, prayed, dabbled my hands in the sticky mass, and thanked God for His goodness. I was oil mad!

But there was work to do. Means must be found to bring the coy treasure from its resting-place. And the labor must be done secretly, too. The babbling village gossips must know nothing of my discovery. I must toil alone, must invent machinery to bring it to light. The farm went to ruin; what cared I for that?—I who was to be a millionaire! The neighbors called me mad. I laughed at them—they knew not of my prize. My models were finished at last, dispatched to the city, and I awaited with feverish anxiety the return of the machinery. One day it came, and a band of trusty workmen, sworn to secrecy, bore it to the field. I directed them to the spot, superintended the placing of the massive drills, and then gazed fondly at the little stream that was to sail me on to wealth.

It was dry!

Dry; and every dollar that I owned in the world was represented by these cumbersome wheels, these engines, these heavy drills that stood there, mute monuments to my insanity. I would not despair, though; the drying-up must be temporary; there must be oil beneath. The next morning, bright and early, we were at work. The neighbors stared at us and jeered. Some, more curious than others, questioned me. I showed them the bottle of oil I had scooped up, and told them my story. They were sorely puzzled, could not understand it, and went among their friends to tell them Claude Malmalson was as crazy as a March hare.

Six weary months dragged lazily along; we had labored unceasingly, but labored in vain. No oil had been poured upon our lives to soothe their troubled waters. I had sold my farm to realize funds to pursue the work; but my money was exhausted now, my companions had gone, and I was left alone, penniless, to curse my folly and begin life anew. Homeless, I had pitched a tent by the side of the well, and here I lived and slept.

One night—it was in September, and the great round harvest moon peered above the tree-tops—I had retired earlier than usual, and was sleeping soundly, as men will sleep, even in trouble, when I was awakened by a feeling of suffocation. I had been sleeping upon the ground, wrapped in my blanket, and a sluggish stream was enveloping me in its embrace.

I leaped to my feet—was I mad?

No—the oil was pouring from the well in torrents! I danced and shouted in my ecstasy, and all the while the rich liquid was coursing down the hillside and floating on the waters of the creek below. Some neighbors, who were passing, encountered the torrent and rushed back to the village to awaken its slumbering inhabitants. Soon they came—men, women and children, armed with pails, kettles, and every available receptacle. They were as mad as I. Oil—rich, beautiful oil was scooped up, as it rushed headlong from its imprisonment; and by the morning's sun I had filled fifty hogsheds, and the well still flowed.

## CHAPTER II.

FIVE years had passed since that eventful night. Rich, courted, a daring speculator, I stood at the head of the financial column. Investing all the earnings of my first well in land in Pennsylvania, I had become the largest owner in some of the most profitable oil-land in the State, and stood now the acknowledged king of the new-found mine of wealth. I was dubbed "Malmalson, the oil king." Some envied, some admired me—by all I was feared.

One great object in life presented itself—the gain of gold. Day and night I toiled. The veriest drudge in my office was not a harder worker than I. And as the money poured into my coffers the mania increased; nothing could satiate my greed. I had imbibed the wild fever of the hour, and must drink the cup to its dregs. Substantial houses tottered around me, fortunes were made and lost in a day, but I stood firm, fortune smiling on my every venture, and gifting me with boundless wealth.

They were hard times, those. In one day oil fell from ten dollars to ten cents a barrel. Nature had poured into the world of commerce a new commodity that swamped all others; and on all sides men thought, talked but of oil.

Wells were flowing two, three and six hundred barrels a day; others were flowing one, two, three and six thousand; while one, the "Black & Mahewson," flowed seven thousand five hundred! The men at the wells were as mad as the speculators in Wall Street. The oil floated along the surface of Black Creek to the depth of six inches, and formed a thin coating to the waters of Lake Erie. A match thrown upon the stream by a careless workman ignited the oil, and the column of flame which roared and blazed along the windings of the creek warned the infatuated wretches of their folly. During the Spring and Summer of 1862 no less than five millions of barrels of oil floated off upon the waters of Black Creek, a total waste. Fifty millions of dollars literally lost!

Men were mad, and I was the maddest of the lot. But it was a lonely life. True, I had every luxury that wealth could purchase. Women's bright eyes smiled on me, and match-making mammae never omitted my name from their cards. I had purchased a house that was almost a palace, and all the quarters of the globe had contributed in ministering to its magnificence. Here held I high carnival. Sumptuous repasts gathered around my board the wealth, the beauty and the fashion of the metropolis. Still, I was very lonely. These people courted and flattered me; but, among them all was not one true friend, not one who would have stretched forward to me a helping hand had I needed it.

Three years more of this passed by, and then it was that my mind went back to that vine-embowered village in France. In the busiest hours of toil a sweet, childish face would pass before my vision. The face of Minette, my boyish love. The face of a Madonna. Simple, childlike, with a wealth of love beaming out of her great blue eyes. Above, a mass of blonde hair, that, when the sunshine broke in upon it through the grape-vines, shone as a nimbus encircling the face of a saint.

Poor little Minette! How we loved each other in those happy days, and how I would bring the largest bunches and lay them in her lap! And then we would croon and talk to each other in a sequestered corner of the graperies, and, as the warm sun shone down from the blue sky above, what vows of unending love I made, in my boyish enthusiasm, and sealed them on those chubby little lips! I was to go out into the world and become a great, rich man, and Minette was to be my little wife, and we were to be as happy as the days were long—longer, if such a thing were possible.

I had them now—riches, power—but where was little Minette? On all sides I saw the fairest of the land, and as I paused they smiled beamingly upon me. But they were not for me. I had one vision, one ideal—Minette. I would amass a little more, and then to France, to that sunny village, and there claim my boyhood's love. Until then, toil, unceasing toil.

Musing thus, as one day I walked home from my daily labor, a noise attracted my attention. Tearing down the avenue was a team of spirited horses drawing a handsomely-furnished coupe. The affrighted driver had lost entire control of the animals, and instant death seemed imminent for the sole occupant of the vehicle, a young lady.

All my labor had not deprived me of the strength which was inherent in our family, and it was but the work of an instant to leap before the affrighted runaways, and, with an iron grasp, stop them in their career. The driver leaped from his seat and held the horses, while I ran to the assistance of the occupant of the coupe.

Could I be dreaming? It was Minette!

She had almost fainted, and lay there quivering among the cushions. How beautiful she was! Years had lent an additional beauty to that sweetness which, as a boy, I had so admired in sunny France. And, as her eyes opened and their great lustre beamed upon me, I saw once more the vision that had so long haunted me. It was but a resemblance, though. The beautiful girl, whose life I had saved, thanked me in a bashful, timid way, and then begged me to call and receive the acknowledgments of her parents. Her name she told me was Blanche Suydam, and her residence No. — Fifth Avenue. Of course I could but offer to see her home, and, during the short ride thither, I was so charmed with her ready wit, her sunny smile, and the unaffected simplicity of her manner, that the vision of Minette was rapidly dissolving into thin air, and Blanche was usurping its place.

A month found me the honored guest of old Peter Suydam—for wealth went a great way with the good old gentleman, and, though he knew my birth was good, still greenbacks were with him much more substantial things than blood, and I have a suspicion that an overflowing bank account weighed heavier in the old gentleman's esteem than the fairest escutcheon or the bluest of *sans pur*.

Another month had passed, and I was Blanche's accepted suitor. A week longer, and she was my affianced bride. Ah! those were golden days, with their happiness in the present, their rich promise in the future. Every day found me by her side, attentive to her every want. At night, balls, parties and the theatres found

us always together, the most eager searchers for amusement in the butterfly throng. A certain Captain Anderson hovered just a little too near Blanche to entirely satisfy my jealousy, but she laughed at me for a jealous little goose, and kissed away cross words.

In a month we were to be married; and then came my great sorrow.

It is needless to remind you of the two events of the year 1865—the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and the great inundation which swept away the oil-wells and threw the financial world into a chaos of ruin. Deeply involved as I had been in the speculation of the hour, my losses were as heavy as had been my previous gains, and I found myself now reduced, not quite to penury, but so near it that the prospect was appalling. Aghast, I stood and saw my future crumbling away before my very eyes, and I powerless to save it.

In those gloomy days the settlement of my affairs kept me away from Blanche, but, in all my trouble, I never doubted her love, her fealty. At length all was concluded, and I was a poor man. I had paid every dollar of my indebtedness, and was left stranded on that bank of commerce upon whose sea I had embarked so prosperously.

Then it was I went to Blanche to tell her of my position, to seek refuge from the world, or—cruel thought—to relinquish her, should her parents demand the sacrifice. By her side was Captain Anderson. She bowed coldly upon me, and said:

"Of course, Mr. Malmalson, under existing circumstances, our union will be impossible. This is Captain Anderson, to whom I am engaged to be married. The engagement is very sudden, to be sure, but it is none the less sincere. I hope you will often visit us in our new home."

I stammered forth something, I know not what, and then rushed from her presence to pour out my incoherent ravings in the street.

I was ruined, and Blanche had deserted me!

## CHAPTER III.

FOR a week I was almost mad. With unkempt hair and disordered attire I haunted the neighborhood of Blanche's residence, hoping, perchance, to catch a glimpse of the fair face that I had loved so well, but which concealed so much duplicity underneath. It was hard to credit that this woman, whom I had so trusted, so revered, should prove, after all, a mere coquette—an angel in her smiles, a Circe in her heart. But it was of no avail. Either she purposely avoided me or had left the city, for, from the day of my repulse I have neither seen nor heard of her.

At the end of those miserable seven days of torture I became more contented with my lot, and applied myself to business again. But very little was left of the wreck of my fortune, and this little I determined to invest in a new occupation. Commerce no longer presented to me any attractions, and, as I had always had a passion for chemistry, I decided to invest my small capital in the purchase and fitting up of a laboratory, and adopt the profession of chemist. I knew the returns would be small, but some invisible power seemed to be urging me on, and, at the end of a short time, I found myself the possessor of a small room filled with retorts, crucibles, curiously-labeled bottles, and all the other appliances of my newly-adopted profession.

I have said that some invisible power seemed to be urging me on to the step I had taken. Then I knew not what it was. Soon I learned that it was destiny.

Sitting there in my laboratory, poring over the musty tomes of ages, I learned how men, in years gone by, had, like myself, hidden themselves from the world, and from their abodes of knowledge sent out unto their fellow-men great works of learning and of benefit. I read of the ever-futile search for the Philosopher's Stone, that mysterious agent which was to turn baser metals into solid gold, and how the poor enthusiasts had given up their lives in the search. These interested not me, however. Friendless, abandoned, what cared I for wealth, for mankind? The first had but presented to me the golden apple of hope, which was to crumble to ashes ere I could taste its sweetness, while men who courted me in prosperity passed me coldly by, now that the shadow of adversity was upon me.

No, it was not of these I thought, but those books of mine brought to me another idea. The world had discarded me—virtually I was not of it. Why, then, should not I make a world of my own? And, further, why not make this very oil, which had been my ruin, work out my deliverance from the sea of trouble which encompassed me?

Geologists tell us that comminuted vegetable matters disseminated through a matrix of fine argillaceous materials, and forming a black, or carbonaceous, or bituminous shale, are the sources of the production of petroleum oil. Could I but accomplish the feat of reproducing, through the aid of chemistry, in a short time what has been the work of centuries to Nature, might not I achieve a phenomenon that would bring to me my cherished wish?

The task appeared difficult, but feasible, and I devoted myself to it without delay. You may say that this was irreverent, impotent—this assumption of one poor, weak, groveling man to set himself up in competition against the handiwork of his Creator; but, I tell you, my life at this period was such a wretched, dreary blank, that anything would have been a relief to its monotonous misery. For one long, weary year I toiled on, hoped on, and then my goal was reached.

Before me—a small black spot, in the bottom of my crucible—lay the germ of a new world that was to be called into existence by my touch.

The component parts were very simple, and consisted of—but, no; that is my secret, and on that day, when the prize lay within my



grasp, I made a solemn vow never to disclose it to mortal man.

It was a rough, blustering night in December. The wind moaned in fitful gusts along the deserted streets, and rattled the crazy shutters of my laboratory-window. The sleet and hail drove wildly against the window-panes, and all Nature seemed to be in discord at the temerity of the atom that had outwitted her.

Slowly I poured the tiny mass of liquid into the small silver plate I had prepared, and with trembling hand applied to it a taper. A thin bluish flame arose, which flickered for a moment, and in the space of five minutes expanded itself into a wide, luminous circle of fire. The room and all its surroundings were swallowed up in the light. I myself appeared to have acquired a new existence, and I stood in a new world—my world—where none could dispute my sovereignty; the world in which I was to reign supreme; where I was to be the be-all and the end-all; the sole possessor, the undisturbed master.

Fool that I was, to dream, for one instant, that even in this world of fire I could burn out, as in an alembic, the destiny that awaited me!

I found myself in a wide street, bounded at either end by wide, flowing rivers, upon whose calm waters were reflected a sky of Italian purity of color. Upon the opposite shores spread sunny pastures and upland hill-sides, where flowers seemed to blossom in unending Summer. Stately mansions reared themselves on each side of the roadway, and a throng of gayly-dressed and beautiful beings passed by and rent the air with tuneful melody. It was an Arcadia—a Utopia—which my skillful hand had brought into existence. Buoyantly I passed along, and all smiled upon me as if giving thanks to their Creator. Never before had I experienced such a thrill of joy. I was what man before me never had been—the creator of a world; and as I stood by the river-side, and listlessly cast pebbles into the stream, I felt that now had I attained to perfect bliss—had come into that bright existence which De Quincey's opium brought to his fevered brain, and which Swedenborg has expressed as the "Summer Land." It was the "happy hunting-ground" of the Indian, the "Valhalla" of the Norwegian—it was man's vision of purified man.

Meditating thus, I turned to retrace my footsteps, when the cursed vision of my life encountered me. A beautiful woman, with a sweet, thoughtful expression upon her countenance; a great mass of blonde hair in which the sunbeams seemed to love to linger, and a fair cheek that the wind, in passing, kissed and toyed with in wanton revelry. The same liquid blue eyes, the same winning smile. She was a beatification of Minette and Blanche. Were their visions to haunt me for ever—even here?

I strove against the infatuation bravely, but it was useless. The face held me enthralled, and I could not rush forward and speak to the beautiful being before me. Her name, she told me, was Heloise, and, as the words came from her lips, I heard a voice whose melody entranced me. It was hopeless—again I was enthralled. Together we walked, and as she spoke, I found her to be a woman of rare endowments—an enthusiast in music, full of quaint book-lore, and richly endowed with all those acquirements—that dignity of mind and manner which culture alone can give.

Surely a being such as this could not be false—could not be fickle! There was too much good in those beaming eyes, too much maiden purity in that face, too much of God-given truthfulness in that soft voice, for this to be a coquette. But I would be wise. Before, I had lost by haste; now, I would bide my time—would assure myself of her faithfulness—would learn her character—teach her mine; show her of what devotion a man may be capable, and then, when we had both come forth from the trial unscathed—which for a moment I never doubted—I would ask her to give me the happiness, which in the old dark world had been denied me.

So lived we happily on together. No shadow of discord arose to darken my sunny dream of love; and the hopes of the past gave golden promise of being realized in the present. It was a dream, though, too roseate to last—too full of bright imaginings to meet with realization.

I was called to a distant part of the town to attend to important business—for we had business even in this perfect world. For a little week I was away from her side, and then my rival found her; and, lured by his honeyed words, she forsook the man who would have laid at her feet a wealth of love, devotion, and tender watchfulness.

Her letter found me as the midday sun cast its rays upon our fire-world, and bathed in mellow warmth the stately minarets of the town-hall. Tearing it open, and hoping to find words of love, I found this:

"CLAUDE—I love you, but I never can be yours. Often have I told you that my heart, to be taken, must be taken by storm. It has been. One month after you have received this I shall be the bride of Henri Guyson. I trust that you will appreciate the mark of esteem I am conferring in making you my first confidant, and that you will ever be to me, what I shall be to you, a friend."

It crushed me at first. Fool that I was! I had dreamt that this woman was true; that she, with her Madonna face, was not as other women, and that with her I was to lead that life of happiness which before had been denied me. In anticipation I had seen the kindnesses that I was to shower upon her. How with my strong right arm I was to carve my way to name and fortune, and pour into her lap the luxury she loved so well. And now—well, I did not taunt her with her perfidy. I could be as proud as she, and so I smiled and bided my time.

I knew Guyson—a dark, handsome man,

with eyes that had a cruel glitter, and a voice that told not wholly of sincerity; with all the vindictive nature of a Creole, jealous and cruel, but with a manner soft and gentle as a dove. Knowing all this, I did not curse—I pitied her. Pitied her—yes, and would save her from the life that must follow if she became his.

It was her wedding-day. The church was crowded to repletion. All the wealth and beauty of the fire-world were there. The tall candles gleamed upon the altar, and through the air there stole an odor of incense and of flowers. Soon the organ pealed forth, the massive doors were thrown open, and the bridal party entered. I saw her now for the first time since I had received her cruel letter. She was very pale, and started convulsively when she met my gaze. He was smiling, and looked so curiously happy that I could have killed him then. But my time had not yet come.

They were standing before the chancel-rail. The priest had spoken the opening words of service and was about to join their hands, when the sharp report of a pistol rang out, and Guyson fell dead!

It was my pistol—my hand that pulled the trigger, my eye that had aimed the bullet which passed through his heart.

In a moment all was confusion. Taking advantage of this, I rushed to support the fainting Heloise. Clasp her in my arms once more, I poured out a passionate entreaty—begged her to fly with me. Told her that for her sake alone had I slain the wretch whose body lay quivering at our feet, and who would have made her fair life desolate had but the rites been consummated which united not one affinity to another. Told her my whole wealth of love, in language which seemed to be sent to me by the Giver of eloquence. And then, when I imagined she was relenting, she turned upon me in all the scorn and dignity of her rare beauty, and with haughty tones exclaimed:

"You have killed him—kill me. I never loved you; he is and always will be the only man who shall claim me, either in this world or the world to come!"

With a rapid motion, she snatched the pistol which I held in my hand, placed it to her fair white bosom, and pulling the trigger, fell at my feet a corpse. A dark red tide oozed up from her bosom, and, throwing myself by her side, I kissed the cold lips now white in death, and prayed, begged for forgiveness. Implored her to come back to life—to give me but one glance, one smile of pardon. Then my hands were dabbled in her blood, and after that all was darkness.

The next thing I remember is finding myself in this dark hole, with a band of chattering ninnies gaping around me. And then they tell me it is a lunatic asylum, and that I am a lunatic. Stuff and nonsense! I suppose I have dropped from my own world and come into the old, dreary one again, and that your wise idiots cannot credit my story. I write this, therefore, to set the matter at rest, and call upon whatever sensible person may happen to come across it to come to my relief and take me from this place, where the food is very bad, and where a woman with blonde hair and blue eyes sits in the corner of my room and points mockingly at a small red spot in her bosom, from which oozes a narrow thread of blood.

Extract from the Warden's Book of — Lunatic Asylum.

"Claude Malmalson, Merchant, entered the Asylum, January 5th, 1863. Supposed to have become insane through losses sustained in business. Imagines that he is pursued by a woman in yellow hair, and a pistol-shot wound in her breast. Placed in Incurable Ward, March 3d, 1863. Died July 23d, 1863, saying he was going to the fire-world to meet Heloise. No relatives claiming the body, it was buried in Potter's Field. HUGH DENNISON, Warden."

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The Slave-Market at Zanzibar.

Zanzibar possesses the only open slave-market now existing in the world. The place is an irregular, unpaved, oblong space, fifty yards by thirty yards in extent, three of its sides consisting of palm-thatched huts, the fourth presenting stone buildings of more respectable pretensions. The sale generally takes place about four o'clock in the afternoon, and at five business may be said to be at its height. The centre of the market is occupied by the slaves, who are seated in rows on the ground. Walking about and criticising the various lots are to be seen men of every race belonging to Eastern Africa and Arabia, from the wily Arab of Oman, who means to purchase thirty or forty slaves, to the fierce Somali, who intends a small speculation of three or four only. The English stranger is looked upon here with anything but favor by these gentlemen, especially if his aspect is at all nautical; as the ship-of-war in harbor is only waiting for the change of monsoon, at which time the numerous slave-carrying dhows sail for the north. She will then lie in wait for them, and capture such of those vessels as may fall in her way. Apart from the other slaves, and standing up, are to be seen the choice female specimens. It is a revolting sight to watch a lascivious Arab, wishing to add stock to his harem, handling and examining the objects of his purchase before closing a bargain. The average price of male slaves is from fifteen dollars to twenty dollars, but the female slaves and concubines sell at from forty dollars to one hundred and twenty dollars.

##### Shelling Peas at Covent Garden Market.

Shelling peas in Covent Garden is a great industry just now. The regular pea-season is in full swing, and all hands are busy shelling them for the cook's hands. On every vacant spot in and about the market groups of women and girls are to be seen seated around well-filled hampers of peas in the pod, each with a basin in her lap, and each nimbly plying her fingers to supply the increased demand for shelled peas. The quantity of this vegetable disposed of every morning in Covent Garden is something marvellous.

#### Crowning the "Rosiere" of Nanterre.

During the months of May and June this ceremony, which is almost identical with the crowning of the Queen of the May in this country, takes place in various parts of France. The custom has existed longest at Salency, where, in 525, St. Medard, Bishop of Noyon and Lord of Salency, set aside a portion of land for the purpose of presenting five and twenty livres and a crown of roses each year to the girl whose conduct should be deemed most deserving of the gift. Louis XIII. added a blue ribbon and a silver ring to this dotation, which has since been increased by subsequent benefactors. The Salency ceremony, though the most ancient, is not so well known—at Paris, at any rate—as that of Nanterre, of which we give a representation. The heroine of the day, Armandine Mandenne, was a charming little blonde of eighteen, with a simple, honest face. Her life hitherto had not been passed on a bed of roses, for her mother having been for seven years paralyzed, she has had to take sole charge of the house; and her father, a quarryman, is described as being too fond of the public-house. At present she gains her living as a seamstress, though we are glad to learn that she is engaged to be married, and we hope her future partner will be worthy of the 500 francs dowry, which, thanks to her selection as *rosiere*, she will bring him. A procession was formed, which conducted Armandine from her residence to the Mayor's house, where she was received by the officials of the Commune. They then proceeded to the church, where were the clergy, in full canonicals, and where a brief discourse was delivered by the curé. After the sermon, a lady who acted as *coronneuse*, or crown-bestower, dressed the *rosiere* in her festal garments, placed rings in her ears and a necklace round her neck, then kissed her, and put a coronet of white roses on her head. During this time a detachment of soldiers carried arms in the church, and a lady chanted Gounod's magnificent "Ave Maria." Surrounding the *rosiere* on the dais were a number of pretty little children, mostly in blue and white, but one was dressed as St. Genevieve, and another as John the Baptist, with the traditional sheepskin and cross. In the evening the *coronneuse* gave a grand banquet, at which the *rosiere* was present.

#### The Princess Louise Giving Prizes.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, her Royal Highness Princess Louise delivered the prizes to children who had written the best essays pleading for kind treatment of the creatures dependent on man. The Earl of Harrowby presided, Lady Burdett-Coutts was on the platform, and the Bishops of Gloucester and Ripon took part in the proceedings. The report of convictions obtained by the Society during the last year showed that in 1,374 cases the offenders were punished for ill-treating horses, 965 of the charges having been brought against drivers. The other convictions were in 84 instances for cruelty to donkeys and mules; for ill-treating oxen, 28; sheep and pigs, 29; dogs, 64; cats, 33; and in 80 cases for torturing other animals. Princess Louise, as she entered the hall, was received with cheers of genuine and hearty enthusiasm by the young occupants of the galleries. The prizes were first handed to her by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who, with Lady Burdett-Coutts, stood at the table behind the Princess. Her Royal Highness was dressed entirely in green, her light-green dress of silk being trimmed with a darker shade of green; the green bonnet was ornamented with white flowers. Having performed her task of presenting the handsome volumes given as prizes to two hundred successful competitors, her Royal Highness received a vote of thanks, and retired.

#### The "Stirrup Cup" in the Scottish Highlands.

Our engraving gives a representation of an ancient custom, which is perfectly familiar to every reader of Scott's novels. Among the many usages handed down from remote antiquity, none have been more carefully preserved than those which surround the social glass. Volumes have been written upon the customs of different countries in regard to drinking healths, and in no country have those customs been more varied or more thoroughly respected than in the British Isles. The "Stirrup Cup," as our readers are probably aware, was a friendly drink which the rules of ancient hospitality forced upon the parting guest, was especially intended as involving a hearty wish for a pleasant journey, and it was drunk on horseback.

#### SOMETHING TO BE LEARNT.

ONE of the small stoicisms necessary to learn is to bear ordinary pain without showing that you suffer. But some people are so cowardly in this that they cannot bear the most unimportant little ache without making every one about them take their share of the discomfort. A commonplace headache, which in some houses would be neither betrayed nor observed, in others is considered to be sufficient cause for as much sympathetic fuss as if the thumbscrews and bootkins were going on, and death was stalking right up the front stairs. Good heavens! the anguish of mind and body that is created in an establishment where the master or mistress is of the fretful order of Sybaritism, and has got toothache or the mumps! Many a man has undergone amputation or any other terrific operation with fewer groans; and for a pain which some people would have carried so cheerfully that no one would have known anything about it, with others no epithet expressing the most excessive, the most agonizing torture is too much to use for its description. Those who see the most of this kind of thing are medical men. They leave one bedside where a patient, racked with pains that almost touched his reason, bravely shuts his lips over his groans and lets no cry escape him; they go to another, where a fine lady has the faceache, where a fretful man has a fit of dyspepsia, and they are greeted with a volley of sighs, and moans, and complaints, and superlatives, which makes them smile inwardly—and more or less than smile, when they remember the poor fellow who bore his agony with such patience, and even found "a smile for the doctor" in between whiles. Well, to bear small pains, and large ones, too, for the matter of that, without wincing, and without even showing that you suffer, is one of the lesser stoicisms which have to be learnt.

A DETROIT ferryboat passes free all citizens over 90.

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

QUEEN VICTORIA is at her residence in Scotland.

It is reported that German emigration is to be repressed.

COLONEL JEROME BONAPARTE is the social lion at Newport.

DON CARLOS, the Spanish pretender, is expected in Switzerland.

CONCORD has the tallest of Mayors, his height being six feet five.

SEÑOR PEREZ RIVA has been appointed Political Governor of Havana.

THE order banishing all Jesuits from Germany has been promulgated.

THE Emperor of Austria is to return Kaiser Wilhelm's visit in September.

SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN is to be made an Earl for his arbitration services.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is going to drink the waters at Krakenhelt, in Bavaria.

A BUFFALO boy carries off the Woolsey scholarship prize at Yale this year.

WEBSTER ADAMS, doorkeeper at the White House for the last eight years, has died.

THE Haytian Legislature has agreed to pay the American claims within two years.

MINISTER BANCROFT delivered a speech at the unveiling of the Stein statue, at Nassau.

In Virgnar, Wis., the ladies managed the Fourth of July celebration, speeches and all.

PRINCE HASSAN, son of the Khédive of Egypt, has been made LL.D. by Oxford University.

VESUVIAN lava is in such demand for jewelry, that another eruption is desired to supply the market.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE has been reappointed Professor of Poetry in Oxford University.

SOME learned Frenchmen are to induce their Government to send off an expedition to the South Pole.

EMPEROR WILHELM will decide the San Juan boundary question after the Summer festivities are over.

CONGRESSMAN ELLIOTT, of South Carolina, has selected a boy of his own race to be a cadet midshipman.

THE King of Sweden is paying a visit to France. He left Stockholm the other day in a frigate for Boulogne.

BISHOP AMES, of the Methodist Church, considers the separate education of the sexes a relic of barbarism.

THE Cuban privateer *Pioneer* has been seized and taken to Newport, R. I., by an American revenue cutter.

BESSEMER, of steel notoriety, has this year been awarded the Albert gold medal of the British Society of Arts.

A CHICAGO dry-goods dealer advertises "the most alarming sacrifice since the days of Abraham and Isaac."

GENERAL ST. JOHN L. B. SKINNER, for seventeen years First Assistant Postmaster-General, has died from paralysis.

THREE German law officers have been appointed to prepare a report for the Emperor on the San Juan boundary.

MR. MCALPINE, an American engineer, is engaged to remove the obstructions to navigation at the "Iron Gate" of the Danube.

THE Governor of German Lorraine, Count Calenberg, has introduced the new German Chamber of Commerce into office at Metz.

MADAME PESCHKA-LEUTNER is a native of Vienna, is about 33 years of age, and is prima donna for life at the Leipzig Opera House.

THE engagement of Rubenstein to play at a given number of concerts in America is stated to be for \$30,000 and all expenses paid.

THE Baltimore Convention chose Thomas Jefferson Randolph temporary Chairman, and ex-Senator Doolittle permanent Chairman.

STRAUSS receives \$20,000 for his visit and services at the Boston Jubilee, and his and his wife's expenses. Madame Leutner gets \$10,000.

DAVID PAUL BROWN, an eminent Philadelphia lawyer, died recently at the age of 73. He was an author of reputation in years past.

THE new Board of Directors of the Erie Railway Company organized by electing P. H. Watson, President, and A. S. Diven, Vice-President.

It is reported that Victor Hugo has secured a commutation of the sentence of Henri Rochefort to simple banishment from France, instead of transportation to New Caledonia.

GENERAL SHERMAN said recently that the candidate for the Presidency must be known to the great body of the people in almost a personal sense. Horace Greeley is that man.

THE members of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church intend holding a grand celebration on October 10th, the 25th anniversary of their pastor's connection with the church.

MR. MAX STRAKOSCH has engaged Signor Stalo Campanini, the tenor, who has recently created such a *furore* in London, to support Adeline Patti in opera in this country during the season of 1873.

A MEMORIAL has been presented to the Attorney-General of England, signed by 21,000 gentlemen, bankers, merchants, and tradesmen, against the proposed abolition of imprisonment for debt.

MISS RANSOM, of Cleveland O., who painted the first picture ever bought by the government of a woman, has just finished a superb full-length portrait of General Thomas, which is spoken of in the highest terms by the critics.

THE arrest of a French Cabinet courier at the railway station of Strasbourg for insulting some Alsatian natives, formerly French soldiers, whom he was disgusted to find to have taken the German oath of allegiance, is causing a diplomatic correspondence.

THE Burmese Embassadors are the bearers of costly presents from their master to Queen Victoria, and it is said that among them is a magnificent bracelet, the gold of which weighs no less than seven pounds.

THIS is the way in which Professor Fawcett, the famous blind Liberal member of the British Parliament, became acquainted with his wife: He was at a social gathering on the evening of the day when the telegram announced the death of President Lincoln, and heard from a girl of eighteen the exclamation, "it would have been less loss to the world if every crowned head in Europe had fallen!" He asked to be introduced to this girl, who has been his wife for five years, and is the most popular speaker and woman in England.





HON. HORACE GREELEY, CANDIDATE OF THE LIBERAL REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC PARTIES FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BORGARDT & BENANN BROTHERS.







## THOSE FOOTSTEPS.

IN the quiet hush of the tender night,  
When my eyes fill up with tears,  
Comes my darling to me, all golden bright  
With the sunshine of three sweet years.

And he smiles as he climbs to his seat on my knee,  
To whisper his childish mirth;  
Then clasps my neck—though you may not see,  
For my darling is not of earth.

Only within the twilight gloom,  
When the hours are long and sweet,  
I hear all about in the lonely room  
The patter of little feet—

Patter of feet that come and go  
With sweet yet restless will,  
Just as they did a month ago,  
Ere they grew for ever still.

And my heart, at those spirit-sounds that seem  
So near, yet so far away,  
Glides into the faith of a sweet love-dream,  
That follows me night and day.

And this love-dream, tender and ever sweet,  
Still whispers soft and low—  
"Keep thou in thy heart these tiny feet,  
And follow the way they go."

Then my sorrow sinks down as a leaflet will  
When the winds are into their rest;  
And I bow with clasped hands, and still  
The footsteps are in my breast.

## HARD LUCK.

BY C. SHACKELFORD.

## CHAPTER VIII.—RING DAYS.

MY early experiences as a member of "Jenkins & Co.'s Unrivaled Anglo-American Equestrian Troupe," though not of quite so pleasing a character in reality as my fancy had pictured, were, nevertheless, full of fresh and exciting incidents. While for the first two or three months my duties were principally of the most ordinary kind within the scope of my abilities, I was subjected, nevertheless, to a severe and persistent training, into which I entered with unflinching enthusiasm. There was nothing stale or uninteresting in the wandering, hard-working life I led. There were new faces, new scenes, and startling incidents every day. The thundering roars of applause from our audiences, though not for me, were exhilarating, and gave a zest to existence such as seldom, if ever, comes to the staid dweller in humdrum villages. In this life of continual change and excitement it happened, that in course of time I seldom thought of Chester and those people intimately connected with my stay in that town. I had heard a rumor of Captain Fimkin's death, which was attributed to some one of the men belonging to the circus; but my increasing knowledge of the world warned me to keep the secret of my revenge in my own breast. There was not, in my mind, any just appreciation of what I had done. My sensibilities, once so keen, had now become blunted to such a degree, that if the captain were really dead, I felt no misery or annoyance in considering the crime, but rather great satisfaction that I was now free from his abuse and unreasonable cruelty.

Winter found us in a Southern State. I had so improved by instruction, that I was a good rider, quite a successful little gymnast, received a great deal of applause, and was a sort of lion-cub among the feminine portion of our troupe. The petting I received, however, failed to spoil me entirely, though I'm afraid it made me more arrogant and imperious than was pleasant in all cases. In the Spring we again traveled North and Westward, and had arrived within a few miles of a large city, when my evil angel overtook me and ended my career as an artist of the ring.

In my horseback-riding I had always been calm and utterly indifferent, at the time, to any outburst of applause, or, in fact, to anything in the form of unexpected or startling incidents in my profession. But one particular afternoon, in the town referred to, the end was reached. I had appeared twice in the ring; but the third act or scene from the last was made up by tableaux on horseback by three of us, with a concluding part by myself of bareback riding, during which I made flying leaps through hoops.

Tingle had examined everything, and Jenkins had spoken encouragingly while the horse was walking around the circle. Everything being prepared, I commenced the course—the third round being the one for leaps. The horse was going at a rattling pace on the second circuit, when I saw a man arise from the lowest tier of seats and approach the spot where the first hoop was held. When I drew near, the man turned his face and seemed about to move back again. But the third time, when I was ready to leap, he stepped quickly back, took off his broad Panama hat, and turned his face full upon me. One quick glance revealed to me a bald head, a long, coarse beard, and a wicked eye, almond-shaped—none other than the face of Captain Joseph Fimkin.

This sudden apparition of a man whom I supposed to be dead unnerved me. I was unable to make the leap, and the failure touched my professional pride. I was more angered, at the moment, than afraid, and switching my horse unmercifully, I resolved that nothing should deter me from making the leap at that round.

Once more I reached the spot, and prepared to spring. At the instant I leaped into the air, the captain uplifted his hand quickly and let it fall; the horse shied a little, and when I dashed through the hoop I heard from the audience a loud cry. The horse swerving from the line, at the captain's gesture, I struck heavily against his haunches and fell senseless to the ground. The captain, waiting only to see the

fall, walked swiftly to the entrance and disappeared, almost before the audience was certain what had happened. I was unconscious only a minute or two. When I opened my eyes there was quite a crowd around me, and my left leg was cramping me with pain. Tingle and Jenkins were bending over me; the latter, still in his clown's dress, was moistening my forehead and lips with ice-water.

"Thank God! he's come to," said Jenkins, as I turned my eyes on him. Then rising, he made the crowd stand back, and asked:

"Is there a surgeon here?"

One came forward, and examined my aching body.

"His left leg is broken," he said to Tingle; and Tingle communicated that fact to Jenkins, who was talking to a gentleman some distance away. It went right to my heart then to have Jenkins who mounted one of the horses that he might be the better seen, make this proclamation:

"I am sorry to inform the audience that Master Ralph's leg is broken. The man who was the cause of this accident was seen by many of you. I am authorized to state for this troupe that a reward of five hundred dollars will be paid for his arrest."

This was followed by loud applause, as the audience slowly dispersed.

I was immediately taken to the dressing-room, with Jenkins at my side.

"Poor boy! It's all up between us," he said.

"Why, what do you mean?" I groaned.

"Mean? I mean that your days in the ring are over. We will have to leave you here to be cured, and you can never do again with safety what you've been doing with us. Your name, little one, must come off our bills." He looked at me very sadly as he said this.

"It is pretty hard on us," submitted Tingle. "You're the first one as we've lost, you know; and somehow I've got to liking you first-rate. Oh, if I could put my two hands on that man! But he must have been crazy."

"Ah, no! he wasn't," I cried. "His name's Fimkin, and he hates me."

"Eh? What are you talking about, boy?" "Were you ever here before?" demanded Jenkins, regarding me with a look of suspicion. "You ought to have told us."

Just then the surgeon indicated his readiness to carry me away on the stretcher he had extemporized, and remarked that, "the sooner he could get at me the better," whereat I was somewhat alarmed, being unused to doctors and their ways.

"What is to be done with me, sir? Where am I going?" I asked, in alarm.

"To the doctor's house," answered Jenkins. "I'll be there pretty soon. Try and bear up bravely! He'll make the leg as good as new, I dare say."

The latter words came to my ears as I was being carried out of the tent, which, I remember, looked unusually beautiful as the light of the setting sun fell with a golden glow upon the dusky canvas and the gently-swaying banners. I felt that I had made my last appearance, and that the sun was going down, never again to rise upon a day which should show me to the world in tights and spangles, leaping in air to the music of the band, and with my heart bounding in response to the applause of the multitude.

All was over. With the going down of the sun was setting the sun of my glory.

Soon, alongside of the stretcher I was on, gathered a crowd of eager faces; and whispering voices of women asked if I was alive, or likely to die; and gruff, bearded men spoke words of praise and encouragement, which were to me, writhing and moaning with pain, better medicine than any physic.

But when some one, not intending to be overheard, asked the doctor, "Will his leg have to come off?" and he answered with that word of uncertainty, "Perhaps!" I forgot all my triumphs in the fear of threatened mutilation.

During the slow funeral journey to the doctor's house and office I lay with closed eyes, groaning with pain, and my mind tortured with thoughts of what might be in store for me.

"Perhaps!" That word was simply like an assassin, who, terrifying with his heard but unseen presence, was waiting to shoot or stab, as opportunity might occur. So severely was I racked with mental and physical agony, that, just as we reached our destination, I lost all consciousness of my misery through the blessing of a swoon.

## CHAPTER IX.—BESIEGED AT A DOCTOR'S.

"SIR, he was a perfect little gymnast." "Was the first sound I heard as I came to myself, and found I was on a bed in a strange room. I recognized the speaker at once.

"Oh, Mr. Jenkins, is that you?" said I, in a voice so tremulous and weak as to frighten me. He came to my side at once.

"How do you feel, Ralph?" he inquired, taking my hand in one of his, and smoothing it with the other.

"Weak, sir—horribly weak. Is my leg gone, Mr. Jenkins?" I asked, trying to reach down where a remarkable stiffness and weight seemed to abide, with a vast amount of pain for company.

"Not so bad as that, my boy, not so bad as that, I'm happy to state. My professional experience, Mr. Jenkins, has demonstrated that youth easily overcomes—"

"Of course it does, Doctor Winkle. I am satisfied of that," interrupted Mr. Jenkins, giving such a comical mask to the side of his face next to me, that I was forced to laugh aloud.

"That's right, Ralph, laugh if you can. I must say I'm heartsick at the idea of leaving you, for you've got tangled in my heartstrings somehow."

"Then, I must be left behind, must I? I'm only a poor stick now, ain't I?" I said, in a desponding way.

"Ralph!" said Jenkins; "just now you are in no condition to jump through hoops, or even ride bareback. In fact, I don't think you ever will be again."

He looked anything but joyful when he said this.

"But, listen to me, Ralph," he continued. "Doctor, you will correct me if I am wrong in anything. Well, Tingle and I have paid Doctor Winkle in advance for your board with him, and for surgical services until you are entirely well. Is that correct, doctor?"

"Quite correct, sir," the doctor answered.

"And we have left with him a hundred dollars, to be given you after your recovery, to help you along," he added.

There being a pause here, the doctor remarked that that also was correct.

"Furthermore, Ralph, Doctor Winkle is to write us, from time to time, how you get along."

"And I can write to you, too—mayn't I, Mr. Jenkins?"

"Certainly, if you can, and will," said Jenkins. "Tingle and I would be greatly tickled to hear from our boy. The doctor has the points when and where to find us with letters."

The doctor nodded his head in acquiescence to this statement.

"Now, my boy, I may as well bid you good-by; we are off to-night you know. I may never see you again. We've been good friends, haven't we—ever since I picked you up in Chester? I'm glad of that. Speaking for Tingle, he feels as I do, and that's bad enough. I hope you'll get safely over this, Ralph; and remember, if you're ever near us, that there's always a free ticket for you, and that Jenkins is Jenkins and Tingle is Tingle. Good-by, then."

He took my hand and pressed it hard between his own, pushed back my hair from my forehead, and looked at me long and steadily.

"Once more good-by, and don't forget us, Doctor, treat him well, or we'll come back and murder you."

He tried to laugh when he said the last, but it sounded little like it. At the door he looked backward, with "Good-by, boy," and was gone. Ashamed to show before strangers how badly I felt, I choked down my sobs and gave myself up to physical suffering.

Before the time for the evening performance came, I had bidden good-by to Tingle, and nearly every member of the troupe. Even the teamsters sent up a spokesman, while they stood on the walk outside the door. All petted me, and seemed very sorry to leave me. When I knew there were no more to come, I'm afraid I should have become almost womanly hysterical, had not the doctor given me a powder that quieted and immediately sent me to sleep.

Such a night as that was! Such dreams, in which Captain Fimkin's evil face looked upon me from unexpected places with a devilish malice in his eyes; dreams of falling, of stumbling, of bounding and rebounding from the earth; of feeling an assassin's knife smoothly cleave my flesh; dreams of the ring, in which Jenkins and Tingle floated around and around like phantoms, looking upon me with compassionate eyes, while I lay seemingly bound with bands of red hot iron. Between these nightmares I would awaken enough to notice the dim light of the night-taper, to feel my body racked with pain, to faintly recall what had happened, and, touching the bandaged leg with my fingers, float into another dream over-full of horrors.

Notwithstanding these troubles of mind and body, the sun was high in the heavens when I awoke the next morning. It required several minutes of reflection to enable me to determine where and what I was. The room seemed the same that it was the night before, save that a bouquet of wild flowers was on the stand in a corner, and a bright landscape hung in the place of a cheap lithograph.

Involuntarily I groaned as I tried to turn in bed; and instantly there appeared at my side, from the head of the bed, a demure, brown-faced girl, with a very small waist, which, I noticed then and thereafter, she smoothed and spanned with her fingers from time to time, with delicate touches of intense admiration. There was no trace of pity or sympathy in her face, nor revealed in her actions, as she came to my bedside and looked upon me. Standing frigidly there, she simply looked at me as if she thought me a necessary evil, but one she hoped would be temporary. I don't suppose she was more than twelve years old, notwithstanding her ways and manners and looks were those of a girl of twenty. Her dress, too, was extremely stylish, more befitting a grown woman than a girl; so that I really was quite puzzled to discover the truth, with such a grave and pompous air did she carry herself.

"Do you want anything, little boy?" she inquired.

I shook my head wearily on the pillow, and yet replied, "Everything!"

"My father, Doctor Winkle, told me to remain here until you waked up, and then to call him, which I will now proceed to do." With that, she brushed herself, as if her dress were dusty, and with a slow, dignified step, went from the room.

In five minutes the door was softly opened, and Doctor Winkle entered. I must confess he was not a handsome man, but with a stature of six feet one or two inches, large frame, massive, kindly features, yet with what might be called a neutral expression, with a heavy, badly-trimmed beard and slovenly person, he seemed, in all, a good, kind-hearted man, having his oddities, perhaps, still, none the less generous and learned in his profession because of them. I had not noticed him particularly the previous day, but now I looked curiously at him, and closely, as he came and contemplated me in a deliberate way, with his arms resting on the footboard of the bed.

"What a nice, plump little fellow he is!" he soliloquized, in a deep, monotonous tone of voice, as if he were a cannibal, and a pro-

missing young roast. Some ludicrous idea seemed to occur to him at this speech, for he laughed softly, and came round to speak to me.

"How do you do this morning, Ralph?" he asked, as he took my hand to count my pulse-beats.

I observed that I had had a bad night, to which he responded that that was generally the case with people who broke their legs.

"You've fever now, he added; "we can fix that, I reckon."

"Is it going to be a long job to repair me, doctor?" I asked.

"Bless your heart, no!—only a month or six weeks. That's short. Why, I had a case once that took six months to put in order." And with this opening, he commenced a story about the man, that took him a good half-hour to complete, during which time the patient's family history was given, which bored me, and a diagnosis of the case stated, which I could not understand. I thought, "This is one of his failings," and the prophecy was daily verified.

"How do you like my daughter, Pauline?" asked the doctor, when he had set his patient mentioned going on two legs again.

"The young lady that went out of here a short time ago?" I asked.

"The same. But she's not a young lady—only a girl. Strange, how people will make this mistake! The loss of her mother five years ago has made her very sober and solemn—too much so, I fear."

I was sorry to hear of the affliction to the family. I had sense enough to say that.

"Can you play chess, or cribbage, or euchre, or backgammon, Ralph?" he inquired.

"No; but I can learn, I think."

"You'll have a dull time of it if you don't. Pauline knows them all. Why, she can beat her father. She must amuse you. She's a knowing girl—a combination of the excellencies of her father and mother—ha! ha!"

He opened his mouth, and threw back his head, evidently for a mighty laugh, but changed his mind instantly, and began to mix some medicine.

"Now, keep quiet, and don't go roaming about the town!" was the parting command, as he took up his little case of medicines. I smiled forlornly, whereupon an idea seemed to occur to him as he stood on the threshold of the room. He came back to tell, in his drooping voice, a story without head or tail, and so incomprehensible, that, when he reached the end, I had forgotten the beginning, and was almost asleep with the dull humming sound of his voice.

"Great heavens!" I thought, "is every incident to be suggestive to him of a story as long as those of to-day?" Then I computed the probable number of stories per day, and the number of days I was likely to be a prisoner. The result was appalling.

"I'll send Pauline up to amuse you," said the doctor, finally; and this time I was thankful to see him get outside the room and not return.

When Pauline came, evidently she was angry, for she shut the door—not gently, by any means—and sat down sulkily by the window, where she remained several minutes in silence. Then she slowly arose and came up to me.

"Little boy," said she, shaking her forefinger at me, "you're a nuisance! I wish you'd broken your neck!" Her animation was surprising.

"I wish I had," was my earnest answer.

"It wouldn't have hurt as much as the leg, and I shouldn't be bothering any one." By sugaring the last part with a sigh, her face lightened up a little.

"Little boy—" beginning, then hesitating.

"Little girl—" said I, mimicking her.

"I've a good mind to give you wrong medicine that will poison you," was her next cool assertion.

"Oh, no! I wouldn't say that; because I'm sure you'll like me before we part. Everybody does, whether they want to or not. But I'm in such pain, I can't be very polite. Skip the games to-day, and I'll try to sleep."

She went away directly, leaving me to groan in helplessness, to study the patterns of the wall-paper in detail, and finally to slip away into a fragmentary doze.

## CHAPTER X.—A MEETING.

SOMETHING suddenly awakened me. I opened my eyes to see a man, with his back toward me, carefully closing the door. He approached me with a shambling, shiftless gait, presenting to my astonished gaze the detestable face of my enemy, Captain Fimkin.

I expected then and there to be killed, yet I could not even cry out, but lay helplessly still, and stared at him. He picked up a chair, seated himself at my bedside, and putting his elbows on the bed, rested his chin on the palm of his hands, and glared at me with a fierce, pitiless stare from his restless eyes.

"You are the vilest little devil I ever heard of," said the captain, in a voice that was wheezy with liquor and passion.

I made him no reply, which irritated him exceedingly, for he burst out with:

"I say! I know you tried to murder me. When you get well I'll have you hung for it. Don't you believe I will!"

"I don't know; you can do most anything, I suppose," I answered, while my teeth began to click like castanets.

"Well, then, what did you want to do it for? Tell me that!" shaking his fist at me slowly.

"I didn't do it, if you mean that I tried to murder you," I said, sulkily, and with wit enough in my head not to confess anything.

"You lie, you little rat!" He brought his fist down upon the bed with tremendous force.

"What did you run away from good Mrs. Blegg for, if it was not fear—fear that you had drowned me in the Chester mill-race?"

"I ran away because you whipped me, worse



than you would whip a dog, and without having a right to do so. If you fell into the race, what have I to do with it?" I spoke boldly, beginning to get angry, and to lose the fear that his sudden appearance and ruffianly ways at first caused me.

"By heaven! You're a bold brat, and a brassy one," he declared. "But you can't fool me. You'll find I know more than you think, you rascally little Jesuit. Weren't you missing then and thereafter? I'd a-had you in no time if my ducking hadn't nearly drowned me, and kept me shut up for a week."

"Well!" I exclaimed, not knowing just then what else to say. He regarded me with a look of the utmost surprise.

"You take it deucedly cool for a boy. Perhaps you think the matter is over with me?"

"No. I don't expect that, after your work of the other day," touching the cover above my broken leg.

"I wish it had been your neck!" said he, gruffly. "I'd a-given a thousand dollars if it had been your neck," vigorously rubbing his hands.

"You have always abused and hated me, Captain Fimkin, since the day I first saw you."

"You're right, there. I shall—always, always, always! It's only giving to the son what I'd have given to the father, if I had had a chance. That pleasure was denied me; but you are left. To you I shall cling like an ivy, and I think—in fact, I'm quite sure—I shall kill you as an ivy kills the tree—by degrees. I shall follow you through life, and make it a burden for you. Do you understand me, young Splinters? You are doomed!"

He laughed very hard when he had finished this threat.

"I am not Splinters, sir," I replied.

"Oh, yes, you are. I'll call you what I like. I know, and you don't," interposed the captain. But I paid him no attention.

"I know my name is neither Splinters nor Goldant," I boldly asserted.

"You still contradict, I observe. Take that," sharply flipping the end of my nose with his thumb and fore-finger. Of course it hurt me; but I never stirred, at the touch, to betray it. The vile brute lolled on the bed with his head and arms in a drunken way, while I shrank away from him as far as I could.

"Will no one come to my relief?" I had again and again asked myself during the interview. I remembered the reward that Jenkins had offered for this man's arrest, now so close that I could put my hand upon him; yet no aid within call. The whole happening was like a nightmare. He sat there watching, as a cat watches a mouse in its power. His eyes glared upon and made me shiver with a feeling worse than death. His sharp nose protruded toward me like a plowshare, and was provocative of war. In his hateful face there was nothing that did not disgust me, if I except the white line of the scar between his vicious eyes—memorial of the wound I had given him. How I gloried in that mark, as, turning my head a little now and then, I could see him clearly and distinctly! If I had given him a lesson three years before, I could do it again if I ever recovered from my injury. I had no fear of an opportunity; for, had he not just declared his determination to follow me through life? Then I fell to thinking how, as I grew older, I should be better able to defend myself; and my memory held many a wrong of his doing to be righted. Why he hated me I could not imagine, unless for some cause antedating my existence, and connected with some one of whom I knew nothing. If that were the case, then I must believe his assertion—more than once told me besides to-day—that he was giving to the son what he would have given to the father. That belief accepted, it must result in another, that, whether my name was or was not Splinters, he, Captain Fimkin, knew who I really was in name and family; and, holding the clues to my identity, he proposed to use them as reins with which to drive and torture me.

While these ideas were slowly making their way through my mind—if not in the same mature fashion in which they are at this late period put before the reader, certainly with the same mental perplexity and ultimate understanding—the man continues to lean against and upon the bed, and to watch me in a grim meditative way that made me exceedingly uneasy. Finally, I began to softly edge a little further away from that tormenting face, staring at me like an evil picture. Noticing this design, instantly he struck the bed a powerful blow close to my body.

"Lie still, you young scamp!" he growled, "or," shaking his fist at me, "I'll plant this on your body, curse you!"

I shut my eyes, that I might no longer be compelled to look at him. Whereupon he muttered to himself, after a minute or two:

"Just like his father! A most perfect image, curse him!" The last two words he shot off in a loud, angry voice.

"Who was my father, sir?" said I, quickly, resolved to know, if a request would get it.

"Find out! I ain't ready to tell. When I am ready, you'll wish you'd never heard."

He growled this so closely to my ear, that his hot, quick breath, perfumed with liquor, ruffled the hair about my face. I tried, forgetting my hurt, to turn over in bed; but with such an agonizing wrench of pain as to make me cry out. This effort he accepted as an expression of my disgust, and his eyes blazed with anger. He put his face close to mine again—so close that our cheeks touched—and said, gruffly:

"You don't like it, eh?"

This contact with a thing that was so loathsome made me forget everything but my hatred of the man. My body was on fire instantly with an anger of which he had once had a proof; and when he rubbed his coarse beard back and forth against my cheek, I struck him, with all the strength I possessed, full in the face. It was a child's blow, of course, and

could not have hurt him. I don't think it made the faintest mark outwardly.

He only drew back his head and glared at me. "Ha! ha! The young rooster's spurs want trimming!" he said, with a kind of smile on his quivering lips that I did not fancy. "That's twice you struck me. Very good, Soney! I'll mark you for each blow!"

His keen eyes looked over the walls and upon the floor, and finally rested upon a pair of large bright scissors upon a table. He took them up and wiped them slowly and carefully on his coat-sleeve.

"Just the thing! They'll cut clean and close," said he, coming to the bedside.

"Where, oh, where was the doctor, or Jenkins, or even the sulky Pauline?" I thought. "Was I to be murdered in bed, in broad daylight, by an infuriated devil?" It was too horrible to contemplate.

"Don't!" I pleaded, putting up my hands as he came to the bed.

"Don't what?" he growled.

"Don't kill me!" I begged.

"You're a fool! Ha! ha! ha! Kill you? Not I, when you'll be useful to me for years to come. I'm only going to clip a nice little bit from each of your ears—one for each blow, you know."

He opened and shut the scissors quickly, so as to make a succession of sharp, quick clicks. "Turn your head a little, Soney!"

In a paroxysm of fear, I screamed as loud and long as I could, frantically pushing his arm away again and again, and finally getting the bedclothes over my head.

Suddenly there was a tramping of feet on the stairs—in the hall—then people entered the room.

"What's the matter here?" said the voice of Doctor Winkle. "Who are you? What are you doing here in my house, and with this boy?" he demanded—all with unusual quickness of speech.

"Ah! you are Doctor Winkle, I suppose. How fortunate for me! I am Captain Joseph Fimkin, late of the regulars, and an old acquaintance of the little boy. I heard he was hurt, and came to see him. You being absent, your charming daughter showed me up to his room. I have been sitting beside my little friend, who has been somewhat out of his head I should say, and was screaming a few moments ago. I trust this will be a satisfactory explanation, Doctor Winkle."

The doctor was about to say that it was, when, recovering my courage, I thrust my head from under the bedclothes.

"Don't believe a word he says, doctor!" cried I. "He isn't my friend. He's been threatening me, and was just going to trim my ears with those scissors on the table. Oh, doctor, don't believe him!"

"Still out of his head, you see," said the captain, decisively, and with a calmness that had an influence in his favor and against me, both of us being unknown, and he a man of respectable appearance.

The doctor, regarding me with a doubtful look, felt my pulse.

"A very high fever," was his decision. "I should not wonder if he had been delirious."

"I have not, doctor. Captain Fimkin, too, is the man who made the horse shy, and so broke my leg."

"If that is so," said a strange man, "there's an offer of five hundred dollars for his arrest."

The captain laughed.

"Where's the five hundred?" said another voice.

"Where's the warrant for the arrest?" smilingly asked the captain.

"There was no money left," said the man who had first spoken. "I was told so."

"Then, I won't meddle with it," said the other.

Again the captain laughed oilily.

"Of course you won't. My dear little boy," addressing me in a soft, smooth voice, "I will see you again, as I told you. Doctor, I bid you good-day. Gentlemen, I am your humble servant," and with a profusion of bows, Captain Fimkin easily, yet swiftly, got out of the room.

"Pauline," began the doctor, addressing that cheerful specimen of a girl, who had come in during the latter part of Fimkin's stay, smoothing her waist as usual at the glass near the window—"Pauline, don't admit any more strangers to this house!"

"I didn't admit him, father. I did not know he was here. Oh! there he goes away in your gig, and with old Bony!"

This bit of astounding news sent the whole party out of the room, pell-mell down the stairs, leaving me to my own reflections, which I am safe in asserting were anything but cheerful or consoling.

(To be continued.)

## CARRIER PIGEONS.

THE employment of pigeons in carrying letters during the late war affords another and a striking illustration of the truth of the often-quoted words, "There is no new thing under the sun."

From very early times birds, and especially pigeons, have been used with advantage to convey messages for long distances, and, spite of all the facilities which our present efficient postal system offers, there is no doubt that even now pigeons might be made more generally useful for carrying intelligence from place to place than they are. Here and there we meet with instances of individuals wisely turning their birds to account as letter-bearers; but these cases are comparatively few and far between, and are regarded as extremely novel and curious when met with. Not long since, a letter appeared in one of the daily newspapers, in which the writer showed from his own experience how useful pigeons may be made, and suggested that the subject was at least worthy of consideration in these utilitarian days. Having kept these birds for more than forty years, and being in the habit of successfully trans-

mitting messages by their means from his office in the city to his suburban residence ten miles distant, the writer speaks with a considerable degree of authority, and his suggestions are certainly entitled to respect.

An instance of the usefulness of the pigeon as a means of sending information came under our own notice last year, on the occasion of the English University boat-race. Immediately upon the result of the contest being made known, a gentleman was seen to take from his pocket a pigeon, having a small piece of dark-blue ribbon tied round one leg, and a piece of light-blue ribbon on the other. Having detached the former, he threw up the bird, observing that in a few minutes the result of the contest would be known at home, some miles away.

We propose in this article to take a retrospective glance at the services which pigeons have rendered as letter-carriers in the past, not omitting to notice the material assistance which the French have derived from their use during the recent dreadful struggle with which we are, alas! all too familiar. And first let us say that it is an error to suppose that "carrier" pigeons are the birds used for carrying messages. The current term for these birds is "courier" pigeons, for carriers are far too valuable to be flown, and thereby subjected to the risk of being lost to their owners. At the pigeon show held at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, were some splendid specimens of pigeons of all kinds, and among others some pens (each containing six birds) of working Antwerps, the sort used in France for carrying dispatches. The prices real carriers fetch are sometimes enormous—as much as \$350 has been paid for three—while the Antwerps referred to are birds of a very ordinary kind, and may be bought in any number at thirty-five cents each.

It is believed that carrier pigeons were originally bred at Bassora, in Persia; certainly from early times they have been commonly used in the East to carry letters from place to place, and it is even said that this system of postage is still in existence among the Turks. Pigeons, however, are not the only birds which have been used as a means of communication, for it is related of Aulus Cecinna, a Roman knight in the interests of Pompey, and an intimate friend of Cicero, that he used to breed and educate swallows, which he took along with him from home, and turned out toward their nests when he would send back any news, setting a mark of some color upon them, which had been previously agreed upon, to signify his meaning. Crows also have been employed for the same purpose, but pigeons seem more adapted to this sort of work than any other kind of bird.

The earliest mention of their use in this way is found in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, but tradition tells us that Anacreon the poet kept up a correspondence with Bathylus by means of a dove. Ovid relates that Taurosthenes, the athlete, having been successful at the Olympic games, stained one of these birds with purple and dispatched it to his father in the island of Egina, thus conveying to him the news of his victory on the very day the contest came off. Pausanias says that the success of Taurosthenes was notified to his countrymen by a phantom which assumed his form, but probably the celerity with which the intelligence was carried to his home, in the manner just indicated, lies at the foundation of this superstition.

The Governor of Damietta, when he heard of the death of Orillo, sent off a pigeon with the news to Cairo, from whence a second pigeon was dispatched with the message to another place, and so on till the news was widely and rapidly propagated.

When Marc Antony sought to drive Decimus Brutus out of Cisalpine Gaul, the latter was compelled to throw himself into Mutina (now called Modena), which Antony blockaded. Hirtius, one of the Consuls, set out for Mutina on the first day of the new year (43 B.C.) to the relief of the besieged, while his colleague Pansa remained at Rome to raise fresh levies. It is narrated by Pliny that carrier pigeons were employed by Brutus, when shut up within the walls, to keep up a communication with Hirtius, which Antony was utterly unable to prevent.

During the Crusades pigeons were employed as a means of communication between the besieged and their friends. Tasso relates an instance of their use during the siege of Jerusalem, and De Joinville tells of one during the Crusade of St. Louis.

Several stories of the miscarriage of dispatches sent by pigeons are told, one to this effect: When Ptolemais, in Syria, was surrounded by the French and Venetians, and was on the point of being taken by the enemy, a pigeon was sent flying toward the city. The idea that perhaps the bird carried a dispatch instantly occurred to the besiegers, and the whole army suddenly raising a loud shout, the poor pigeon was struck with fright, and fell down among the enemy's ranks. It was immediately captured, and a letter from the Sultan was found under its wing, stating that he would be with them in three days with an army sufficient to raise the siege. The cunning captors of the unlucky post-bird took advantage of their good fortune by substituting another letter, setting forth that the garrison must see to their own safety, for the Sultan had such other affairs pressing him that it was impossible for him to come to their succor. The ruse, as might have been expected, succeeded, and the garrison, wearied of their distressing situation, and now deprived of their only hope of relief, at once surrendered. The Sultan arrived with a strong army three days later, only to find, to his great astonishment and dismay, that the city was already in the hands of the Christians.

At one time a pigeon was kept at the English factory at Aleppo, to convey from Port Alexandretta (at that time called Scandaroon) news of the arrival of ships into harbor. A few particulars, such as the name of the ship, the hour of her arrival, and so forth, were

written on a piece of paper, and this being fastened underneath one of its wings, the bird's feet were bathed in vinegar to keep them cool, and the little animal was set free. The distance, between sixty and seventy miles, was usually performed in about two hours and a half, that is, at about the rate of twenty-six miles an hour. When ships were looked for, a supply of birds was sent from Aleppo to Scandaroon; but it is said that if the vessels were later than was expected, the birds could not be trusted to return after an absence from home of more than a fortnight. The statement seems extraordinary, since, as a general rule, it is found that, even after twelve months have elapsed, a pigeon will find its way back to its old home.

## NEWS BREVITIES.

LONGFELLOW and Bassett are to run again at Saratoga.

The wife of Disraeli is said to be at the point of death.

The cotton caterpillars have appeared in many counties of Alabama.

An Austrian Government steamer has been dispatched to the North Pole.

COUNT VON MOLTKE is spending his Summer *congé* on his estate in Silesia.

RICHMOND, Va., celebrated the Fourth this year for the first time since 1860.

They arrest persons for fortune-telling in Fayetteville, N. C. A good example.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES of Prussia denies that he is coming to America.

With the usual Summer travel begin again the customary atrocities of the Greek brigands.

THE New York State Temperance Society is called to meet at Saratoga Springs on July 23d.

ST. PAUL and Minneapolis are talking of a broad avenue or boulevard to connect the two cities.

BRIGHTMAN YOUNG proposes to tax his Saints \$1 a head on their wives, for the benefit of the poor.

MR. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT proposes to build a public library in his native town, Cummington, Mass.

AFTER a century of hard work, the Moravians have translated the Bible in the Esquimaux tongue.

THE King and Queen of Saxony are preparing to celebrate their golden wedding in real German style.

PEOPLE at Paris and London are astonished by the lavishness with which American ladies delight to decorate themselves.

THE disappearance of the crows in some sections of Kentucky is accepted as an omen of the early appearance of the cholera.

THE Comte d'Empeaux is the winner of the velocipede traveling match. He reached Lyons eight days after leaving Paris on his bicycle.

THE foreign commerce of New Orleans is being rapidly extended. Twenty ocean steamships now ply between that port and Europe.

THE celebrated Museum of Sovereigns, in Paris, has been removed from the Louvre and incorporated with the collection of curiosities at the Palais de Clugny.

DR. IRA REMSEN, lately instructor in the University Laboratory of Tübingen, has accepted the chair of chemistry and physics in Williams College, Massachusetts.

ALMOST all the bars in England are presided over by women, and their names appear over the street-doors as "licensed to keep and retail" alcoholic potations.

It has been proposed to place a painted window in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of the officers and men who went down in the British man-of-war *Captain*.

GENERAL SCHENCK'S Saturday evening receptions are very popular in London, and the English aristocrats are making commendable progress in the science of draw poker.

THE clerical Press of Rome expresses its horror at the "act of apostasy" committed by Prince Humbert in officiating as godfather to a "Protestant baby."

A RECENT law of Pennsylvania allows women to buy sewing machines without their husbands' consent. We wonder if it obliges them to pay with their own money.

CRAZY DICK, the eccentric negro, who in years past has saved many lives at Harrisburgh, Pa., and who was well known to all travelers, died recently of heat and bad whisky.

EX-GOVERNOR CLAFLIN, of Massachusetts, has been engaged to deliver the address at the annual fair of the Deerfield Valley Agricultural Society at Charlemont, September 2d.

THE Paris *Patrie* learns that "Monsieur Greeley, the great American farmer, was elected President of the United States at Cincinnati, and will be installed at Washington in November."

MISS AMANDA BARBER, who married "Squatting Bear," of the Brule Sioux, in 1867, and went to Dakota to convert his people, has become convinced that she would rather remain a Barber than be the wife of a barbarian.

MR. ROTHSCHILD, in a recent interview with M. Thiers, told the President that he estimated the loss of credit to France by the late election of three Republican members of the Assembly to be two hundred millions of francs.

It is said when Audubon, the distinguished naturalist, was a resident of Henderson, Ky., his inseparable companion was a petted wild turkey, that would follow the great naturalist in all his walks, and remain in his study as would a dog.

Nor a few people there are who fancy that Macready is dead. The death of the great actor was reported and his obituary written a few years ago; but, in fact, he still lives, and is said to be hale and hearty. His age is 79, and his residence, Cheltenham, England.

Few persons are aware that there is a society of the Mormons in Paris, who conform to the social and spiritual habits of Salt Lake City. It was only through the statistics of different religions, recently published by the Minister of Justice, that this fact became known.

A WOMAN in Louisville, Ky., a few days ago took a fatal dose of strychnine, and the people spent considerable time to no purpose in trying to find out what she did it for. No doubt in order to kill herself; and her husband showed that he understood the philosophy of the matter when he remarked that "she was always up to some devilment of that sort."



## THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION

As was predicted in the last issue of this paper, the second great Convention of the people has preferred its candidates. From figures there displayed, it was evident that Mr. Greeley would receive the nomination of the Liberal Democracy.

That the thinking men of the country are unanimous in the opinion that Mr. Greeley is the only eligible candidate for the Chief Magistracy, is shown by the fact of his nomination at Cincinnati and at Baltimore, at which last Convention there was no other name in competition.

The Convention assembled in Ford's Opera House, July 9th, and was called to order by August Belmont, Esq., who for twelve years has been the active Chairman of the National Democratic Executive Committee.

The rush for seats when the doors were opened was intensely exciting, and when the Chairman's gavel fell, the vast edifice was filled to repletion.

Mr. Belmont took the occasion to withdraw his name from the Executive Committee, and, after a brief and carefully prepared speech, plunged at once into the business of the day, by nominating Thomas Jefferson Randolph, of Virginia, for temporary Chairman. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Slicer, for many years Chaplain of the United States Senate. After a few preliminaries, the Convention adjourned until the afternoon, when Ex-Senator James R. Doolittle was chosen permanent Chairman.



THE RUSH FOR ADMITTANCE AT THE ENTRANCE TO FORD'S OPERA-HOUSE.

sented the name of Horace Greeley as candidate for President of the United States, and Alabama opened the ball by offering her 20 votes for him.

The result of the ballot showed that 732 votes had been cast, of which Mr. Greeley received 686, the rest being scattering.

Hon. W. A. Wallace, of Pennsylvania, then moved that the nomination be made unanimous.

The motion was received with a storm of applause, the delegates and spectators waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and manifesting the greatest enthusiasm; the band meanwhile playing the "Battle Cry of Freedom," followed by "Hail to the Chief." During the excitement a scene representing the White House was displayed at the back of the stage, and was loudly cheered.

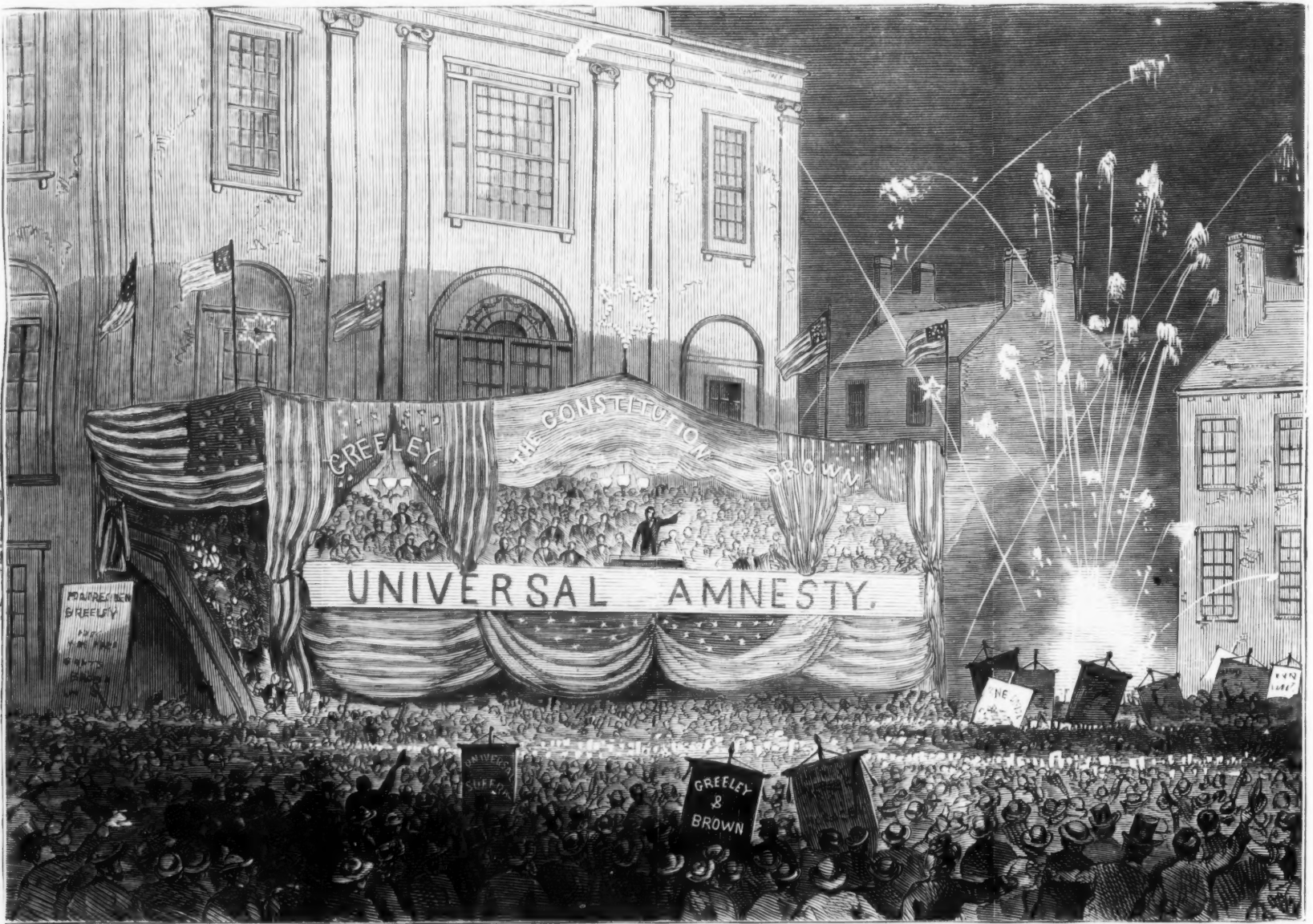
On the vote for Vice-President there were 732 ballots cast, of which B. Gratz Brown received 713. The nomination was made unanimous.

After the passage of the customary resolutions of thanks, the Convention adjourned, subject to the call of the Executive Committee.

At the subsequent meeting of the Executive Committee, Mr. Augustus Schell, of New York, was chosen Chairman.

Ex-Senator Doolittle, Chairman of the Committee on Notification, directed that the nominees be requested to state a time and place for receiving official notice of their nomination.

Rejoicings were held throughout the country on receipt of the news, and the Democratic Press at once accepted the candidates as their choice.



THE GREELEY AND BROWN RATIFICATION MEETING IN MONUMENT SQUARE, BALTIMORE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 10TH, 1872.

Throughout the entire session he proved himself a most capable officer, preserving order by a courteous deportment, and announcing in clear, loud tones all questions and facts that came up.

The great work of the first day was the adoption of the platform of the Cincinnati Convention. All the declarations promulgated in that were presented with the following preamble:

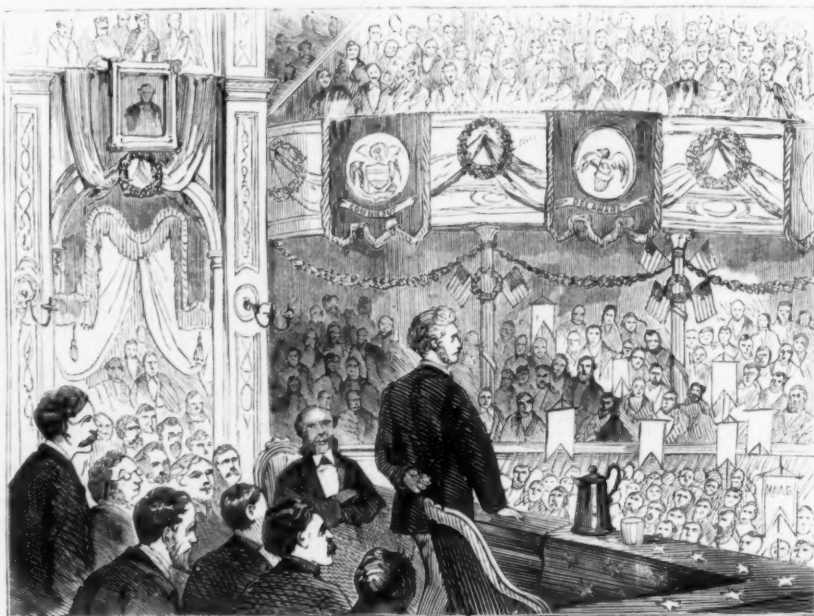
"We, the Democratic electors of the United States in convention assembled, present the following principles, already proclaimed at Cincinnati, as essential to just government."

Every State, with the District of Columbia, was represented, and registered its vote. The result was 34 in favor of the Cincinnati Platform to 4 against. The States which voted No were Delaware, Oregon, Mississippi, and Georgia. Texas at first voted No, but afterward changed.

After the adoption of the resolution, Governor Hoffman of New York presented a petition from Germans of New York city, and requested that its heading be read.

The roll contained 15,000 signatures, and was stretched from one end of the building to the other. When the statement was made that the sentiment of the German Democracy would be nearly unanimous for Greeley and Brown, in case of their nomination by the National Democratic Convention, the cheers were deafening. Indeed, throughout the entire session, the mention of Mr. Greeley's name invoked the utmost enthusiasm.

On the 10th, Mr. Snowbrook, of Illinois, pre-



THOMAS JEFFERSON RANDOLPH, OF VIRGINIA, TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN OF THE CONVENTION, DELIVERING THE OPENING ADDRESS.

SCENES IN AND AROUND THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.—FROM SKETCHES BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

## REV. NOAH PORTER, D.D.

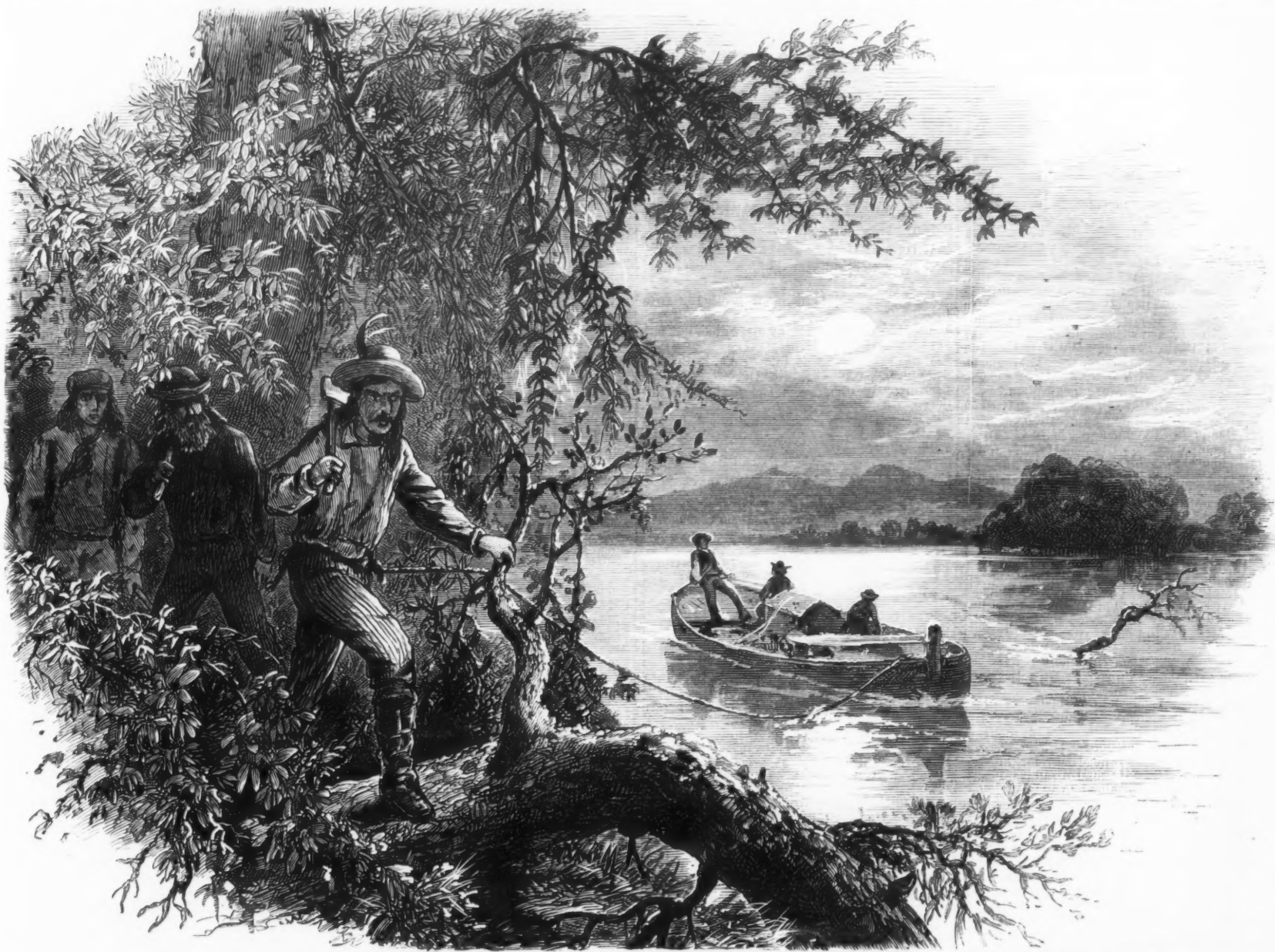
THE Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., President of Yale College, New Haven, of which he is also a graduate, was born in Farmington, Conn., in 1811. He was appointed Clark Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College in 1846, and continued in that chair until last Winter, when he was made President. He is a voluminous writer, and a man of sound views on educational topics. His experience as a college professor, and his well-known literary activity and acquirements, eminently fit him for so important a charge as the conduct of a first-class college, and his friends and well-wishers have every reason to believe that under Dr. Porter's presidency Old Yale will take a new lease of life, and assume the very front rank among the leading colleges and universities of the day.

## CORDELING ON THE MISSOURI RIVER.

OUR engraving over this title represents an everyday scene and common practice of the half-breeds and French voyageurs on the Upper Missouri River, though it may appear exceedingly strange to the denizens on the banks of the broad, smooth rivers of the South and East.

Cordeling is simply another name for towing, and is similar in theory to that common on our canals, but with the substitution of men for horses. The Upper Missouri is a very swift,





MISSOURI RIVER.—HALF-BREEDS AND FRENCH VOYAGEURS TOWING A BOAT IN THE CURRENTS OF THE UPPER MISSOURI.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. M. CARY.

narrow and shallow stream, with plenty of rapids and rocks, and it is thus almost an impossibility to paddle a heavy-laden canoe, and still more difficult to row a boat. To obviate this difficulty, towing, or cordeling, is resorted to.

Nor is this mode of progression without its difficulties, either, and it is necessarily a slow and tedious process, as the advance must often be made over rocks and stones, through briars and brambles and forests, and over hill and dale, and other impediments. Sometimes as many as half a dozen stout and lusty men are required to pull the boat along, in the face of the rapids, or almost as swift and strong a current, and it takes no small exertion on the part of the steersman and his companions to keep the boat's head off shore. The towmen are armed with hatchets, axes, knives, etc., to clear away or cut down obstructions to the free passage of the rope along the bank.

#### THE EARLIEST BOOK PRINTED.

ULRIC ZELL, the first Cologne printer, was probably a workman of Schoeffer's. His first book is dated 1466, and he is believed to have been the instructor of William Caxton. Mr. Humphreys thinks this was the case; though Mr. Blades, in his "Life of Caxton," attempts to prove that Colard Mansion, of Bruges, was his instructor. Some critics have assigned Caxton's earliest works to Zell; but, if this is so, he did not use his own types.

Let us now briefly consider the life and works of Caxton. The great printer was born in 1412, in the Weald of Kent. After beginning his education at a small grammar school, he completed it in London. He probably went to the metropolis at the age of fifteen; but then he entered the service of Robert Strange, a mercer, afterward Lord Mayor. When Strange died, in 1441, he left Caxton the sum of twenty marks, and then the future printer established a business on his own account. He followed this a very short time, for in the last-mentioned year he is believed to have gone to the Low Countries—in what capacity is not known, perhaps

as agent for the London Mercers' confraternity. We hear nothing of him until 1464, when the King of England (Edward IV.) gave him an official commission at the Burgundian Court, the confirmation of a commercial treaty.

The dominions of the Duke of Burgundy at that time were larger than those of the King of France, and the Court at Bruges was kept up with great magnificence. Philip the Good was a great patron of letters. Raoul le Febvre had made a very successful French paraphrase of the "Iliad;" a magnificent copy was illuminated for presentation to the Duke, and this is still in the Bibliothèque at Bruxelles. It was presented in 1464, and so great was the popularity of the work, that M. Bernard suggests the art of printing was introduced to supply the demand for copies. This work was printed before 1467, and there is every reason to believe that it was produced under the direction of the Duke himself, at a press erected in the ducal palace.

Mr. Humphreys dwells on the important fact that on the accession of Charles the Bald, who married Margaret, sister of Edward IV. of England, Caxton, a great favorite of the Duchess, made an English translation of this work, and, in afterward printing it, used the same types which had been employed in the French edition. It has also been suggested that the types used for the French "Recueil" were prepared under Caxton's direction, and that, when ready, the printing of the work was carried out at Cologne by Ulric Zell, but did not bear his name, as being the private property of the Duke. If this was so, Caxton may have left the types with Zell, and then they were ready for the works known to have been printed by him at Cologne, the "Jason" and his translation.

Another hypothesis is that the French work was printed in the ducal palace at Bruges, and the types removed to Cologne on the death of Duke Philip in 1467. The "Jason" was a second part of the French "Recueil," and was printed by Caxton, at Cologne, in 1471. About three years before that he had commenced a translation of Raoul le Febvre's book.



REV. NOAH PORTER, D.D., PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RHELFIS &amp; POMEROY.



but from various causes was not able to finish it till 1471, and printed the book at Cologne the latter part of the same year. This is the first printed book in the English language.

### THE GREAT SEAL.

AT the commencement of a new reign, or on a change of the royal arms or style, an order is made by the Sovereign in Council for using a new Great Seal; the old one is publicly broken, and the fragments become the fee of the Chancellor. This being the general rule, an amicable contest arose upon the subject some years since. Lord Lyndhurst was Chancellor, on the accession of William IV., when by an order in Council a new Great Seal was ordered to be prepared by his Majesty's chief engraver; but when it was finished, and an order was made for using it, Lord Brougham was Chancellor. Lyndhurst claimed the old Great Seal, on the ground that the transaction must be referred back to the date of the first order, and that the fruit must therefore be considered to have fallen in his time; while Brougham insisted that the point of time to be regarded was the moment when the old Great Seal ceased to be *"clavis regni,"* and that there was no exception to the general rule. The matter being submitted to the king, it was adjudged that the old Great Seal should be divided between the two litigants; and as it consisted of two parts, for making an impression on both sides of the wax appended to letters patent—one representing the sovereign on the throne, and the other on horseback—the destiny of the two parts respectively should be determined by lot. The king ordered each part to be set in a splendid silver, with appropriate devices and ornaments, and then presented them to the parties concerned. The ceremony of breaking, or "damasking," the old Great Seal consists in the sovereign giving it a gentle blow with a hammer; after which it is supposed to be broken, and has lost all its virtue.

### OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A SINGULAR anecdote is related of Goldsmith's last journey to Edgeworth's Town, previously to his entrance at college. Having left home on horseback, he reached Ardagh, where it was necessary for him to sleep, at nightfall. He had a guinea in his pocket, and was determined to enjoy himself. He asked for the best house in the place, and from a piece of Irish literal comprehension, or waggery, was directed to a private house instead of an inn. Goldsmith had no thought of a mistake, and, being readily admitted by the servants, who, from his confidence, concluded that he was some well-known friend and invited guest of their master, he gave directions concerning his horse, and being shown into the parlor, found there the owner of the mansion at his fireside—a Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune and somewhat of a wit. Oliver began to call about him with authority, as one entitled to attention; and his host having soon detected the youth's error, and being willing to enjoy an evening's amusement, humored his guest, caused wine, and whatever else Oliver chose to order, to be brought him; accepted with his wife and daughters an invitation to supper at his own table, and received with becoming attention strict injunctions to have a hot cake ready for breakfast on the following morning. It was not till he called for his bill before quitting the house that the abashed school-lad discovered his blunder, and learned that he had been entertained at the residence of an old acquaintance of his father. The adventure was subsequently made to furnish the main incident in the comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer."

### ROADS.

DURING the infancy of commerce, the removal of goods would be effected entirely by the simple burden-bearing powers of man and the animals he had subjected to his use; who, following the course of streams, would select the most level route between the posts of communication. This laborious method of transport would become lightened by the introduction of vehicles on the sledge principle; and afterward by those supported on wheels; and such carriages requiring a hard and smooth surface for their advantageous employment, would indicate the necessity for the production of roads.

The earliest roads of which we possess any record were those constructed in the empire of Semiramis, but these do not appear to have been applied to the use of commerce. It is to the Carthaginians we are indebted for the invention of paved roads; and the works of this kind executed by that people and their parent Phœnicians are the first that were applied to a commercial purpose. Roads were formed with much care by the more polished of the Grecian States, but highways were never in a very flourishing condition with a nation so constantly at variance among themselves. The Romans borrowed the invention from their Carthaginian adversaries, but, disdainful their pacific object, undertook and accomplished gigantic military roads worthy of their warlike genius and national grandeur. These magnificent works—one singular feature of which was the selection of hills for the sites of the roads, and the avoidance of low ground (that the leaders might observe the surrounding country, and the motions of an enemy, from the watch-towers with which they were studded)—displayed the abilities of the Roman citizens in an eminent degree—by the levelings, excavations, viaducts, and other engineering operations required for their completion, and which could not have been accomplished without much enterprise and talent. In order to maintain dominion over the nations she had vanquished, Rome sought to possess the means by which she could most rapidly pour her conquering troops into any portion of her acquired territories, and to this end established the vast system of direct roads which in their ruins reflect her greatness. Italy, Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, Germany, France, Spain, and England, all exhibit traces of these monu-

ments of Roman skill. In Italy alone their extent has been estimated at 14,000 miles; and their total extent at 48,500 miles, including the labors of this nature performed in Asia and Africa. Some are represented as being divided by a footpath paved with bricks; the carriages traveling in each direction being confined to their appropriated division, as in a double line of railroad. Watling Street is considered to have been the principal street of Roman London, and one of the four grand Roman ways in Britain; as well as a British road before the arrival of the Romans; with the Britons it was a forest-lane or trackway; with the Romans it became a stratum, street, or raised road, constructed according to their well-known manner.

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHAT lady is used to war? Millie Tary.

WHAT lady is lively and gay? Anna Matton.

WHAT lady is fond of giving? Jennie Rossty.

WHAT lady paints comic pictures? Carrie K. Ture.

THE law of juries—Many are called, but few are chosen.

WHAT ladies are voracious? Annie Condor and Allie Galtier.

EVERYBODY remembers the first cigar and the first sweetheart.

WHERE is money first mentioned in the Bible? When the dove brought the green back to Noah.

THE measures spoken of in music refer generally to time. An exception is made in the case of hand organs, which furnish music by the barrel.

A CHICAGO congregation pricked up its ears when the minister said: "I have land to sell," but dropped off to sleep again when he added: "The beautiful land on high."

A WESTERN editor places over the marriage notices in his paper a cut representing a large trap, sprung, with this motto: "The trap down—another ninnhammer caught."

"It is easy enough," said a witty Irish orator, "to repeal the union of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Just transpose two letters, and they become United Kingdoms at once."

A WESTERN paper avers that the water is so low in the Mississippi River that the steamboats have to keep whistling to keep cows out of the channel. Some of the boats are being provided with cow-catchers.

A LADY, who asserts that her opinion is based upon a close observance, says that men, as a rule, regard their wives as angels for just two months, namely, a month before marrying her, and a month after burying her.

A CHICAGO man dreamed that his child would be scalded to death. He took every precaution against such a catastrophe, but precisely five weeks and two days after the dream, the little boy was run over by a dog-cart, and escaped uninjured.

It is said the following words actually formed the peroration of the counsel's plea for a client in an assault and battery case at Athens, Ala.: "Let the humble ass creep the thistle of the valley; let the sagacious goat browse upon the mountain's brow; but, men of the jury, I say that John Gandle is not guilty."

"My dearest uncle," says a humorous writer, "was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube, and the boat sunk. My uncle was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above the water for once, took off his hat, and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went."

In a court a man who was called upon to appear as a witness could not be found. On the Judge asking where he was, an elderly gentleman rose up and, with much emphasis, said: "Your Honor, he's gone." "Gone, gone!" said the Judge, "where is he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead." This is considered the most guarded answer on record.

A YOUNG man in New York was the victim of misplaced confidence a short time ago. He was particularly sweet on a very young girl, and called one evening, having previously paid her several visits. The girl's parents, thinking both too young to begin to keep company with each other, gave a gentle hint to that effect—first, by calling the girl out of the room and sending her to bed; and secondly, by the lady of the house bringing in a huge slice of bread and butter, spread with jam, and saying to the youth, in her kindest manner: "There, take this and go home; it is a long way, and your mother will be anxious."

THIS is related by the Rev. Mr. Laurie, of Erie: He chanced with Dr. Chapin one Sunday, and soon after he appeared in his desk people began to go away. He watched the exodus a few minutes, and then rising, said, in a deep voice, clearly heard throughout the church, and with just sufficient Scotch brogue in his voice to give raciness to his words: "All those who came here to worship Almighty God will please join in singing a hymn, and while they are doing so, those who came here to worship E. H. Chapin will have an opportunity to leave the church." His audience did not diminish after that.

A TALL, slim friend is in trouble. He wants to know what character to assume at a masquerade. A Gotham journal advises him to chalk his head and go as a billiard-cue. Or he might braid his legs and go as a whip-lash. Or he might swallow himself round and round a few dozen times, and go as a roll of tape. Or he might wrap himself in the American flag, and go as a barber-pole. Or let him bristle his hair up and go as a whitewash-brush. Or let him swallow a few marbles and go as a rattle-box. Or he might put an insulator in his mouth, and go as a telegraph pole. Or if he walked in on his hands, he might go as a pair of scissors.

In an article on Longevity, Professor Owen has explained how it is that aged persons are said to have cut new teeth late in life. Many readers will remember to have heard or read of such occurrences, which are regarded as extraordinary. The facts are these: It often happens that teeth break or decay, and leave a stump in the gum. The gum closes over the place, and the incident is forgotten. As years go by, the jaw and the gums shrink; the long-buried stump is in consequence laid bare, and is hailed as a new tooth, and is sometimes mentioned in the newspapers as a kind of wonder. Thus a "fact" is shown by competent authority to be an error; and it is always well for public opinion to get rid of an error.

### FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. J. REILLY, Washington, D. C., has used a Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine constantly since 1856, in dressmaking, with nothing for repairs. See the new improvements and Wood's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

# J. ROTHSCCHILD,

IMPORTER,

58 West Fourteenth Street, near Sixth Avenue,

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CHICAGO, Jan. 22, 1872.

F. W. FARWELL, Secretary Babcock Fire Extinguisher Co.

DEAR Sir—Our experience with the Babcock Fire Extinguisher on this road (we have 230 of the machines) has confirmed our first estimate of it, as a most desirable safeguard. We have saved our buildings repeatedly, and in one or two instances have prevented what we may reasonably suppose would have been large conflagrations.

I cannot too strongly commend them. Their general use would render a fire a rare circumstance.

Yours, truly,

ROBERT HARRIS,  
Gen'l Supt Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

THE *Rural New Yorker* speaks as follows of the Northern Pacific 7-30 Gold Bonds: "No better bonds for investment have been in the market for many a long day than those of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Many people are exchanging United States Bonds for them. They have a permanent land basis to rest upon, which neither hostile Indians nor a California earthquake can disturb. Whoever invests in real estate, and at the same time helps forward a great national enterprise, exhibits both shrewd business tact and patriotism."

THE BEST OF THEM ALL.—The so-called lock-stitch sewing machines are certainly improvements upon the cheap and unreliable chain-stitch machines, but they do not come up to the mark. The public have discovered that the Willcox & Gibbs machine is light running, easy to learn, makes a secure and elastic seam, and neither ruins the health nor worries the patience.

LOVELINESS ON THE INCREASE.—A marked increase of female loveliness is the eye-delighting result of the immense popularity which HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM has obtained among the ladies of America. Complexions radiant with snowy purity and tinged with the rosy hue of health are commonly met with whenever it is used.

THE last and best portrait of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is just published in the new number of FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN. Every admirer of the great preacher should buy it. Also, a biography full of startling truths.

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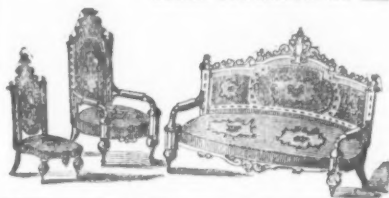
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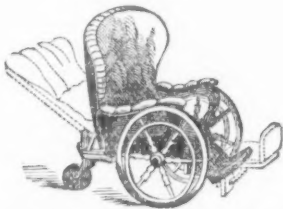
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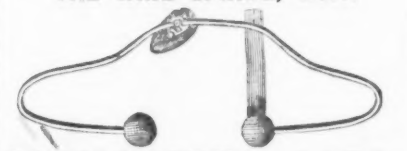
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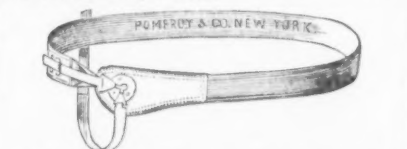
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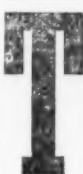
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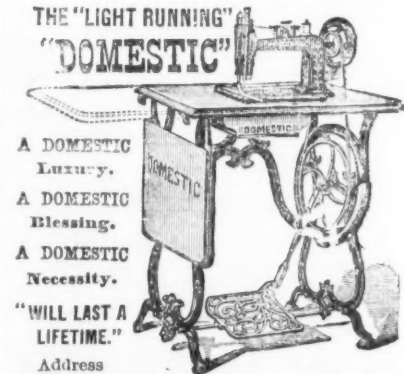


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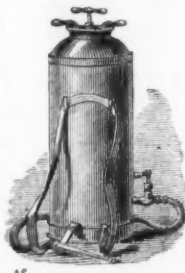
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